

75 CENTS

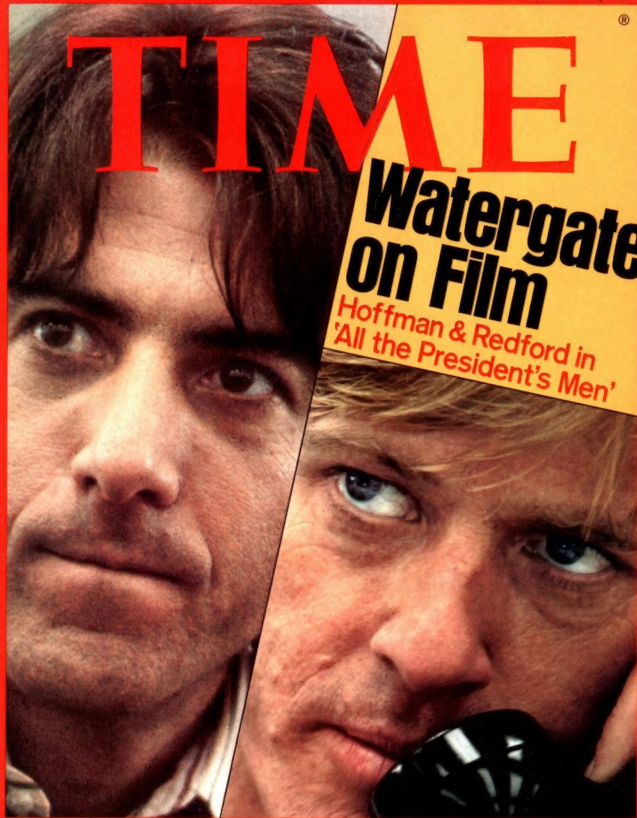
MARCH 29, 1976

®

TIME

Watergate on Film

Hoffman & Redford in
'All the President's Men'



Jobs: Slim Pickings for the Class of '76

Remarkable achievement.

\$23,976*

Mercedes 450 SLC Sports Coupe



Remarkable achievement.

\$4,189*

Ford Granada Sports Coupe



*Manufacturer's suggested retail price excluding title, taxes, destination charges

Pictured at top is perhaps the world's finest 4-passenger sports coupe, and a remarkable achievement in automotive engineering.

From its fully independent suspension system to the design of its interior, the Mercedes 450 SLC may truly be called an uncompromising automobile. A possession of pride for those who can easily afford its formidable price tag. Those who cannot, please read on.

The second car pictured above is a dramatically styled edition of one of the best-selling cars in America:

New Ford Granada Sports Coupe. You may notice that the Granada Sports Coupe is virtually the same size as the Mercedes 450 SLC. (See specifications)

SELECTED SPECIFICATIONS	MERCEDES 450 SLC	GRANADA SPORTS COUPE
WHEELBASE (IN.)	111.0	109.9
LENGTH	196.4	197.7
WIDTH	70.5	71.2
HEIGHT	52.4	53.3
BODY CONST.	UNIT	UNIT
ENG. DISPLACEMENT (CU. IN.)	275.8	200 (OPT. 250, 302, 351)
COMP. RATIO	8.0:1	8.3:1 (200 CID)
BORE X STROKE (IN.)	3.62 X 3.35	3.68 X 3.125 (200 CID)
1 ST GEAR RATIO	2.31:1	2.46:1
2 ND	1.46:1	1.46:1
3 RD	1.00:1	1.00:1
AXLE RATIO	3.07:1	3.07:1

††These are approximate, manufacturer's gear ratios.

But no car can be categorized as a "sports coupe" on its dimensions alone.

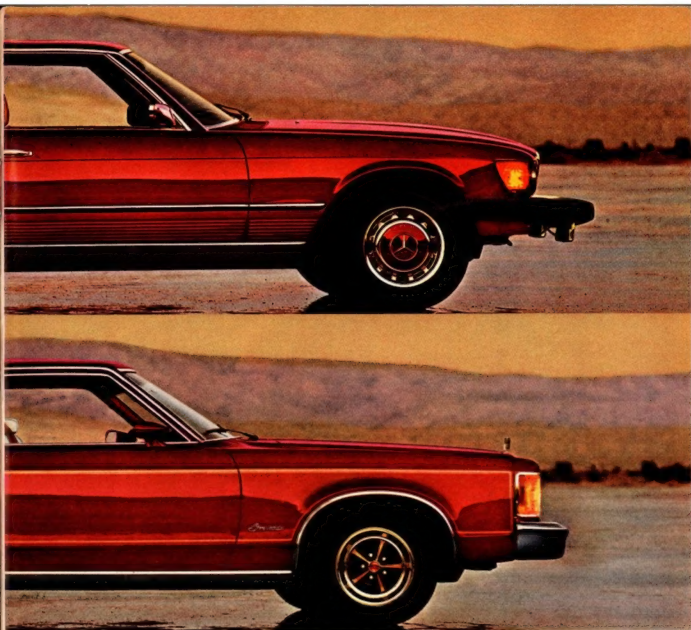
For road performance at the sporting level this special Granada has been

equipped with a heavy duty suspension, heavy duty front and rear shock absorbers and heavy duty rear springs. Turning circle of Granada Sports Coupe: 39.7 ft.; the Mercedes 450 SLC: 38.3 ft.



The interior of this Granada has also been designed for the pleasures of driving. Notable are its contoured bucket seats, leather wrapped steering wheel and floor shift. Wiper/washer controls are positioned for instant reach on turn signal lever. European-style. (Above)

To further enhance the performance



of your car, the Granada Sports Coupe offers a great range of special equipment to order from. Some ideas:

- Consider the optional 351 CID 2V-8 engine (\$200.00) as your Granada power plant, and compare its impressive performance from 0-60 with the SLC's time.

- The Granada Sports Coupe comes with a manual transmission. Purists will approve. But you may prefer SelectShift (required with the 351 CID 2V-8 engine — \$245.00). Like the Mercedes 450 SLC, this is a



3-speed automatic transmission.

- Granada is one of the few American cars to offer 4-wheel disc brakes. While they come standard on the \$23,000 Mercedes, you can get them on your Sports Coupe for a sticker price of \$210.00.

A sporting choice

If you are thinking this year about buying a sports coupe—and money is really no object—certainly consider the Mercedes 450 SLC. It is a remarkable achievement in automotive engineering.

Under any circumstances, consider the new Granada Sports Coupe. Starting at \$4,189 (excluding taxes, title, destination charges) it is a remarkable achievement by almost any standard.

See your local Ford Dealer

FORD GRANADA

FORD DIVISION



I don't judge my cigarette by its length.

There's only one reason to smoke: taste.
Not length. Not looks. Winston Super King gives me
the real Winston taste I like and the extra
length I want. So I get as much taste per millimeter as
any cigarette can give. For me, Winston is for real.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

18 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report SEPT. '75.

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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JOSEPH BOYCE

A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

"Thirty years from now I can hear myself telling my grandchildren, 'Trials, you say? Let me tell you about a trial.' " The grandfather-to-be is San Francisco Bureau Chief Joseph Boyce, 38, whose Patty Hearst's trial began on Jan. 27, has been spending 4½ hours a day on the hard wooden benches in Judge Oliver Carter's courtroom and filing at least 50 pages a week to New York on what he saw and heard. Boyce, who first learned of Patty's kidnapping from a radio report while driving back from an interview in Berkeley, has been on the case ever since, reporting each bizarre twist of the puzzling story. Says Boyce: "I've felt as though I've been walking through the pages of a psychological suspense thriller right up to the judge's final instructions to the jury."

Boyce is no rookie in the courtroom. As a patrolman and sometimes arresting officer in Chicago, where he served on the police force for nearly five years, he has addressed courts from the witness stand. He left his beat to become an evidence technician, hoping to solve crimes by spotting leads at the scene—from fingerprints, dropped clothing or strands of hair loosened in a scuffle. Later he taught criminal law at the police academy days, while studying law at John Marshall by night. Boyce has covered other trials as a reporter, "but none where security was so tight and none that generated so much interest in the principals. There were Patty groups, Bailey groups and even groups for some of the reporters."

Except for our cover story on Defense Attorney F. Lee Bailey (TIME, Feb. 16), which was written by the editor of our law section, Jose Ferrer, the saga of the Hearst case has been unfolded week by week by Associate Editor James Atwater, with the help of Reporter-Researcher Gay McIntosh. Says Atwater: "When I started writing the Patty stories after she was kidnapped, I had no idea that this would turn into a minicrime. There's been a very strong plot line and a whole series of climaxes." Was she guilty? "I've been baffled," says Atwater. Boyce and McIntosh too were glad to leave the decision to the jury.

Ralph P. Davidson

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The Cover: Photographs by Stanley Tretick.

TIME is published weekly except semi-weekly during the third week of May, \$22.00 per year, by Time Inc., 541 N. Fairbanks Court, Chicago, Ill. 60611. Principal office: Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020. James H. Shepley, President; Edward Patrick Lendin, Treasurer; Charles B. Bear, Secretary. Second class postage paid at Chicago, Ill., and at additional mailing offices. Vol. 107 No. 13 © 1976 Time Inc. All rights reserved. Reproduction in whole or in part without written permission is prohibited.

The Liquid Phone—first telephone to carry the words of Alexander Graham Bell.



March 10, 1876: "Mr. Watson, come here—I want to see you!"



In the years since Alexander Graham Bell invented the telephone, it has progressed from a curiosity piece to an instrument people everywhere depend upon for their daily existence.

Here are some of the things that have made that progress possible.



**February 6, 1882:
Western Electric wins
competition to manufacture
phones for Bell.**

In Boston, Anson Stager, Enos Barton, and Charles Scribner of the Western Electric Manufacturing Company met with Alexander Graham Bell to demonstrate a telephone they had built to Bell's specifications. Its quality was superior and convinced Bell to award Western Electric the contract to manufacture it.

THE IS 100

Western Electric became a partner in the growing Bell System. And today it still performs the same vital task it began 94 years ago: building the highest quality telephones, switchboards and connecting equipment at a reasonable cost.

**June 17, 1914: Transcontinental
telephone line is completed.**



To a group of men near the town of Wendover on the Utah-Nevada border, it had been a grueling five-year project. They had installed 130,000 telephone poles, strung 13,600 miles of wire. They had endured summer days of 130° and weathered snowfalls so blinding even their pack animals were forced to wear dark glasses. It was an enormous task. But linking both coasts by telephone had been worth it.

When service began in January, 1915, a call from New York to San Francisco took 23 minutes to go through. The cost was \$20.70. Today, a coast-to-coast call can be made in seconds for under a quarter.

To celebrate the 100th anniversary of the telephone, the Bell System Family Theatre

TELEPHONE YEARS OLD.



November 8, 1919: Dial service begins.

In Norfolk, Virginia, Bell customers could do something they couldn't do before. They were able to pick up a telephone and dial their own calls.

In the past, operators had to connect each call by hand. But the operators, mostly young boys at first and then women, couldn't keep up with the growing number of calls.

Beginning in 1919, machines made dial service possible. With it, the telephone as we know it today was born.

April 7, 1927: First television transmission.



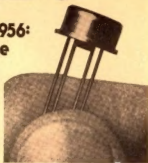
In New York, a handful of people were given a glimpse of the future. It was called television.

In this first demonstration in America, Herbert Hoover, then Secretary of Commerce, spoke from Washington, D.C. The picture was carried over telephone lines by a system developed at Bell Laboratories. It was only an experiment. And, at the time, few people realized just how successful it would turn out to be.

The Bell System is still deeply involved in television. In fact, the network shows you now enjoy come to you in much the same way as the first one in 1927—through the Bell System network.

December 10, 1956: The inventors of the transistor receive the Nobel Prize.

The men who were awarded the prize, John Bardeen, William Shockley and Walter H. Brattain of Bell Labs, had invented the transistor in 1947 to help improve telephone equipment.



In a thousand different ways, from push-button phones to satellite communications, it has done just that. But at the same time, it also helped make a whole new world of technology possible. In computers, modern radio and television, even man's conquest of space, the transistor has played a major role.

All of which raises an interesting question: what might the phone company think of next?

The Second Hundred Years.

To Alexander Graham Bell, the present was never quite good enough. It could always be improved upon.

At the Bell System we believe the same thing. We take great pride in the accomplishments of yesterday and today, but we're continually at work on the future. For example, even now we're starting Electronic Long Distance Switching—a computerized way to make long distance calling faster and more efficient than ever before. Further in the future, we'll have Lightwave Communications, a system that will carry phone calls on a beam of light.

Alexander Graham Bell invented the telephone to help people communicate better. Our goal is to keep improving on his dream.

**We're keeping America's phone
system the best in the world.**



Bell System

**presents The Bell Telephone "JUDILEE!" Hosted by Bing Crosby and Liza Minnelli.
Friday, March 26, 8:30pm EST, NBC-TV**

Jimmy Carter from Left to Right

To the Editors:

The American people can begin to see the real Jimmy Carter [March 8]. Those of us privileged to benefit from his efficiency and concern for the rights of all citizens know that the man about whom we have read in other publications is not the Jimmy Carter we know.

His appeal to people from the far left to the far right makes him the only individual, free-thinking politician in the '76 race.

Michael Shinall
Marietta, Ga.

Nuts to the peanut farmer.

Carol J. Lastrucci
San Francisco

We unwooded and unwon liberal Re-

spond. That might indicate how much support he has among his former colleagues."

As Governor [1971-75] of his neighboring state of South Carolina, I had an unusual opportunity during our four years together to work with Governor Carter on matters of mutual interest and concern common to our states. He is a person of ability, dedication and integrity.

It is true that he did not contact me and solicit my support—I volunteered my help soon after his announcement.

Perhaps his broad solicitation of support from people rather than politicians accounts for his success with the former and disfavor with the latter.

It may also indicate what kind of President he will make.

John C. West
Camden, S.C.

Kicking Dick Nixon Around

The Chinese are telling us something: Are you listening?

It sounds to me as though you still have Richard Nixon [March 8] to kick around.

James H. Booth
York, Pa.

What a biased, vindictive, small-minded rag you are!

Charles R. Kolb
Vicksburg, Miss.

TIME is so funny. Don't you realize that in the real world (everywhere except New York City and Washington) we could not care less if Richard Nixon wants to take a trip to China?

Don D. Martin, M.D.
Fort Worth

Nixon's trip seems to indicate that Peking has approved of his machinations in office, insinuating that if he had not had to contend with a democratic system he would still be in the White House.

Clement L. Salvadori
San Miguel de Allende, Mexico

The fact that the leaders of the most populous nation on earth wish to discuss the future of this planet with Richard Nixon has an inescapable meaning to me.

That is, they consider him to be head and shoulders above the nitwits who are our leaders.

Neil J. Morgan Jr.
Albany, Ga.

Nixon's trip roused all your old "lynch Nixon" prejudices. You didn't

react the same way to McGovern's cavorting with Castro and the Viet Cong.
David Bolender
Long Beach, Calif.

Enough is enough. We have had your Nixon slander up to here.

John F. Mason
St. Michaels, Md.

Our Bonaparte, Ex-President
Fled Elba, his own San Clemente,
And hinted Helsinki
Was stupid and stinky,
Which did not do a lot for détente.

Catherine Sang
Menlo Park, Calif.

Feed and Fight the Soviets

Let the Soviets build up [March 8]. Wait until they face the National Organization of Women, the Gay Liberation Front and the offspring of some of the executives of the 500 largest American corporations!

Samuel A. Nigro, M.D.
Cleveland Heights, Ohio

Perhaps if the Soviets had to devote more of their national resources to increasing their agricultural productivity they would be less free to invest them in arms. Our grain shipments relieve them of the necessity of choosing between bread and bombs.

It doesn't make sense to feed them in Siberia and fight them in Angola.

Sherman Beck
Huntington, N.Y.

Was Patty Brainwashed?

I have no trouble believing that Patty Hearst was brainwashed [March 8]; the question is whether this relieves her of responsibility for her actions.

If it does, should we not, in fairness, reconsider the situations of those inmates of prisons who were no less indoctrinated—by poverty, prejudice and hopelessness?

Katherine J. Elliott
Pittsfield, Mass.

The ease with which both defense and prosecution attorneys in the Patty Hearst trial can hire psychiatrists to testify according to a script recalls the story of the Mafia interviewing applicants for accountant.

To the question "How much are two and two?" the applicant who finally said "How much do you want to be equal?" got the job.

Sam Piscicchio
Napa, Calif.

Canadian Farewell

The absence of a Canadian section [March 8] for the first time in so many years leaves this faithful avid TIME reader for more than a quarter of a century a little saddened. It is not unlike bid-



publicans just may have a candidate after all.

Chet and Jackie Gavrak
Castleton-on-Hudson, N.Y.

Carter's "not just peanuts" for sure. A net worth of 666 grand is beastly for a Christian aspiring to office.

Paul Owczarzak
Corvallis, Ore.

He seems to be an example of the saying: "The things in life that are too good to be true generally are."

Richard J. Prendergast
Mundelein, Ill.

If Jimmy Carter is the "down to earth country boy" he's made out to be, why in the heck is he in politics?

Charles Morgan
Ocala, Fla.

You quote one of our former gubernatorial colleagues as saying "I don't know of any Governors or former Governors whom Carter has contacted for



I'll watch.
Those are
my kind
of numbers!

They're playing
for \$200,000
Arnie.
Are you going
to watch?

Don't miss the Colgate-Dinah Shore Winners Circle Golf Championship

The world's top women professional golfers compete for \$200,000. The richest total prize money in women's golf history.

Take a tip from Dinah Shore and Arnold Palmer. Watch the action LIVE from beautiful Mission Hills Country Club, Palm Springs, Calif.



Saturday April 3, Sunday April 4 on ABC-TV

(check local listing for time)



©1976 Colgate-Palmolive Co.



Face the morning with Frank Beaman on Newsradio 78. Has he got news for you!

Face the morning with Frank Beaman on WBBM Newsradio 78. He's rejoined the largest staff of radio news reporters in this city. One of Chicago's top broadcast journalists, Frank has won state awards from AP and UPI, Jacob Scher awards for investigative reporting, regional and international Radio Television News Directors Association awards and a National Headliner award.

Turn on Newsradio 78 every weekday between 5:30 a.m. and 10 a.m. and Frank will keep you tuned in.

He co-anchors the most complete morning news you can hear. News, Weather Command, Computer Traffic Control with Gary Lee, sports with Brad Palmer, business reports, national and international news from the worldwide resources of CBS.

And here's more news. Now Dale McCarren,

who has been anchoring this best regularly scheduled metro radio newscast, according to the Illinois AP, will co-anchor with Frank from 6 till 10.

For the afternoon and the drive home, there's Sherman Kaplan and Millard Hansen. They tell you what's happening, what happened during the day plus up-to-the-minute traffic, weather, sports and business reports.

A new voice. Two new teams. Mornings and afternoons on WBBM Newsradio 78, have we got news for you.

WBBM/CBS
Newsradio 78
Those Newspeople.



Finally, those beautiful pewter plates.

Ever since we introduced The American Table, people have been coming into American National and asking us when the plates would be available.

And we're now pleased to make them available, as our final American Table offer.

Hand finished by craftsmen of the International Silver Company, each plate has the unique warmth of genuine lead-free pewter.

And each reflects the same kind of personal dedication to excellence that is such an important part of the way we do business here at American National.

The 10 1/2" dinner plate is just \$14, the 6" bread and butter plate just \$7, both prices tax included, when you deposit \$250 or more in a new or existing American National savings account.

If you know pewter, you know that's an exceptional value. And you can get as many as 8 plates of each size with just one \$250 deposit.

The linens. At the same time, we're

offering the placemats, napkins and napkin rings from The American Table.

The beige permanent-press placemats and napkins are sewn from soil-resistant machine-washable 65% linen 35% polyester fabric. The napkin rings are made from genuine pewter, by International Silver.

And sets of four napkins and placemats, or sets of four napkin rings, are just \$12.95, when you deposit \$100.

Like the plates, they're an excellent value. And you can get two linen sets, or two ring sets, or one set of each (complete service for 4) with just one \$100 deposit.

These latest additions to the Table, as well as the crystal, flatware and candlesticks we offered earlier, will be available until Friday, May 14th, 1976. We hope you'll stop in and see them at either of our two convenient downtown locations.

Or just call us at 661-6226.

We'll be glad to show you a savings program that will make a real difference for your future.

And some tableware that will add a touch of true colonial elegance to your home for years to come.



THE American National Bank
AND TRUST COMPANY OF CHICAGO

LaSalle at Washington, LaSalle at Wacker, Member FDIC

TALL

120s

Towers
over
ordinary
cigarettes



Warning: The Surgeon General Has
Determined That Cigarette Smoking
Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Filter: 20 mg. "tar," 1.5 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC method.

FORUM

ding farewell to a good neighbor who has been able to provide us with a periodic fresh and candid look at ourselves.

The Canadian government's decision smacks strongly of economic nationalism and spells the beginning of the end to freedom and fairness in the press.

*Louis Carignan
Saint-Jean, Quebec*

To twist the issue into one of press freedom is ludicrous. TIME Canada has not been forbidden to publish, nor have its contents been in any way censored. Parliament has simply seen fit, as has our own Congress on many occasions, to structure its tax laws to protect home industry and thereby preserve national economic vigor. I say bully for Canadian identity.

*Harry J. Willis
Concord, N.H.*

No Laughing Matter

It is one thing for the Supreme Court to state that Polish jokes constitute an insufficient "public controversy" to apply the "fairness doctrine."

It is quite another to conclude, as TIME apparently has, that the matter is frivolous and involves no more than the right to laugh. The issue raised is not a laughing matter.

*Douglas W. Kntec
Los Angeles*

Three cheers and an olive for the martinis of the Supreme Court for its decision in favor of humor in America.

*Bob Hezzelwood
Cambridge, Mass.*

Laughter may be legal, but is cultural genocide?

*Charles J. Di Mascola
Palmer, Mass.*

I Protest

In a number of U.S. magazines there appears a full-page ad for TIME, that carries the picture of the former chief of state of Ecuador, General Guillermo Rodriguez Lara, with a caption, cutline and legend that I consider distasteful, humorless and derogatory.

This ad is offensive to a nation that has shown determination in upholding its principles of national sovereignty. An unfortunate political circumstance cannot be used to promote sales and make mockery of a sovereign nation. I strongly protest.

*José C. Cárdenas
Ambassador of Ecuador
Washington, D.C.*

TIME's ad, which is no longer being published, intended no disrespect to Ecuador.

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building,
Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

TALL

120s

All those
extra puffs.
Costs no more
than 100's.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has
Determined That Cigarette Smoking
Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Menthol: 15 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC method.

With Pan Am's non-stop 747s to Tokyo from these cities,



you're only one stop to Tokyo from these cities.



Pan Am's the only airline that can get you to Tokyo from New York and Los Angeles without stopping. We also fly non-stop from San Francisco. So from just about any place (there are cities listed above) in the country, you can hop a flight to those gateway cities on a domestic airline and get to the Orient with only one stop. From Seattle, you can grab a Pan Am flight that makes only one stop. In a very nice place to stop: Hawaii.

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TIME
THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
Mar. 29, 1974 Vol. 107, No. 13

CAMPAIGNER GERALD FORD TURNING ON A NORTH CAROLINA CROWD AT A PRE-PRIMARY RALLY IN A WINSTON-SALEM SHOPPING CENTER

AMERICAN NOTES

The Art of Compromise

The art of compromise, which is essential to democracy, seems to have gone out of style in recent years of angry all-or-nothing politics. Especially when the Congress is Democratic and the President is Republican, the result is often no legislation, and many issues are left to fade or fester. In an encouraging departure from that pattern, the Ford Administration and a mixed bag of Senators have reached agreement on one of the most sensitive issues of all: wiretapping U.S. citizens for national security purposes.

The proposed bill, which is to be presented to Congress this week, is the result of hard bargaining between Attorney General Edward Levi and Massachusetts Senator Edward Kennedy. There were helpful contributions from Presidential Counsel Philip Buchen, liberal Democrats Gaylord Nelson and James Abourezk, Conservative Democrat John McClellan, Moderate Republican Charles Mathias and Conservative Republican Roman Hruska.

Under the proposal, the President will no longer have an automatic right to order wiretapping without a court order. American citizens can be tapped only if they are "engaged in clandestine intelligence activities, sabotage, terrorist activities," are doing so under the "direction of a foreign power," and a federal judge issues a warrant. Ford has agreed to back it. At least, it beats showy confrontation, veto and stale-

mate. What with a bipartisan resolution attempting to take detente out of politics (see page 31), it just might be that the U.S. is rediscovering the art of compromise.

Aiming at the Stars

"It looked almost magical as it rose, without any appreciably greater noise or flame, as if it said, 'I've been here long enough. I think I'll be going somewhere else, if you don't mind.'" Thus read the March 17, 1926 entry from the diary of Dr. Robert H. Goddard, an obscure physics professor and engineer. The day before, Goddard had launched the first liquid-fueled rocket from a field on his Aunt Ellie's farm near Auburn, Mass. The 2½ sec. flight carried the rocket to a height of only 41 ft and a speed of 60 m.p.h. But it convinced Goddard that the science of rocketry would one day land a man on the moon.

Goddard's grandiose predictions remained widely doubted until his death in 1945. Yet in the 1960s the U.S. spent about \$34.5 billion on space programs, culminating in the 1969 Apollo moon landing. In the 1970s the country will spend almost the same amount (\$34.1 billion), overwhelming proof that Goddard's dream still has considerable thrust. Two Viking probes are en route to Mars, a Venus probe is scheduled for 1978, and a reusable space shuttle will go aloft the following year.

Last week the 50th anniversary of Goddard's experiment was re-enacted in front of NASA's Goddard Space Flight Center in Greenbelt, Md.

Those who agree with the tiresome cliché that there is so much to accomplish on earth, hence why bother to go into space, were not moved by the occasion. Others took it as a metaphor for all kinds of human progress, which has received an undeservedly bad name. As Goddard wrote to H.G. Wells in 1932, "'Aiming at the stars,' both literally and figuratively, is a problem to occupy generations, so that no matter how much progress one makes, there is always the thrill of just beginning."

More Agreeable Than Most

Jefferson's mistress, Kennedy's indiscretions, Nixon's contempt for the law—is there no end to the exposes about the failings of U.S. Presidents? Apparently not, for now we hear that George Washington was absolutely awful at spelling, grammar and punctuation. Some samples from his writing: "I passed the time much more agreeable than what I imagined I should" and "went hunting... and caught a fox." Among his misspellings: expeditate, ingaged, turkie, burying and bairskin.

Grammarians Louis G. Heller of New York's City College and James Macris of Clark University in Worcester, Mass., examined original, uncorrected versions of Washington's writings to make this disillusioning Bicentennial-year discovery. Still, the founding father's orthographic shortcomings somehow make that austere figure more engaging. The Washington legend remains, as George might have put it, much more agreeable than most.



SCOOP JACKSON GREET JIMMY CARTER AT ST. PATRICK'S DAY PARADE IN NEW YORK WHILE LOCAL POLITICIANS LOOK ON

THE NATION

THE PRIMARIES

Carter Goes A-Woo' and Wins Some

Like the new gentleman caller, Jimmy Carter went visiting the old Democratic power structure in Washington last week, a bouquet of primary victories under his arm. The night before his smashing victory in Illinois, he courted 30 heavyweight Democrats and journalists over dinner at the Georgetown home of Liberal Columnist Clayton Fritchey. The guests included Washington Post Publisher Katharine Graham, CBS Commentator Eric Sevareid, Wisconsin Senator Gaylord Nelson, former Xerox Corp. Chairman Sol Linowitz and former Defense Secretary Clark Clifford. Moving from table to table between courses, Carter charmed nearly everyone and surprised many with his grasp of the issues. Said Fritchey, "He made some real time with those people." Added Clifford, "I found him quite well informed and perceptive."

Open-Minded. Next day Carter made a similarly low-keyed pitch to Jerry Wurf, president of the 700,000-member American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees. Many other labor leaders are backing Carter's rivals, Henry Jackson and Morris Udall, or prefer Hubert Humphrey, or are staying neutral. But Wurf, like the top people at the United Auto Workers, is open-minded about Carter, and is favorably impressed.

That afternoon Carter wooed the

congressional Black Caucus, which was turned off by Jackson's tough "I am against busing" stand and has doubts about Udall's staying power. The black Congressmen pointed out that they strongly favor the Humphrey-Hawkins full-employment bill, which Carter opposes. He told them that he still has trouble with the idea that Government should guarantee a job to every willing American, but he promised to reconsider the recently modified version of the bill and report soon.

Carter also tried last week to prove that a down-home country boy can have a good grip on foreign affairs. Six weeks earlier, he had asked three of his foreign policy advisers—Professors Zbigniew Brzezinski and Richard Gardner of Columbia and Milton Katz of Harvard—to prepare an outline for a comprehensive policy statement. Using that document, Carter and his staff worked up drafts for a speech, consulting with Cyrus Vance, a Deputy Defense Secretary in the Johnson Administration.

The final speech, delivered to the Chicago Council on Foreign Relations, repeated familiar complaints about past U.S. errors and about Henry Kissinger for operating "personally and in secret," but in general was balanced. Carter made the ritual bow to the Middle East crisis: "The U.S. should ensure Israel's security while at the same time encour-

aging both sides to address themselves to the substance of a genuine agreement." He also endorsed "the objectives of détente" but faulted Kissinger "for giving up too much and asking for too little" in negotiations on limiting nuclear arms. On the other hand, Carter rapped Jackson's hard line by rejecting "the strident and bellicose voices of those who would have this country return to the day of the cold war with the Soviet Union."

A Tailspin. Meanwhile, Carter's campaign was picking up speed on the hustings, where he has won four of the first five primaries. He decisively beat George Wallace for the second time in Illinois and was expected to do so again in North Carolina this week. Wallace's loss—he got only 28% of the vote to Carter's 48%—threw his campaign into a tailspin, though he vowed to keep going. (see story following page) The three-place finisher, Sargent Shriver, was so discouraged by his 16% of the vote that he became the fifth Democrat to quit.

His place in the race as a long-shot liberal alternative to Carter and Jackson was taken by Idaho Senator Frank Church. He told 5,000 cheering supporters in Idaho City, "It's never too late nor are the odds too great to try." But he was given little chance of doing well in the primaries because he lacks money and a political base. His strategy as-

THE NATION

sumes that all the leading candidates will be so badly chewed up in the early primaries that he can rapidly pick up delegates in the May and June contests.

There is no sign of that happening. Indeed, in Illinois Carter stunned even his own supporters by turning Mayor Richard Daley's last hurrah in a national primary into a half-smothered harumph. Aiming to be an old-fashioned power broker at the Democratic Convention, Daley fielded candidates for all 155 of the delegate contests. All were pledged to Senator Adlai Stevenson, a favorite son. But Carter confounded Daley's strategy. Steering a careful course to avoid antagonizing the mayor, Carter did not oppose 72 of the 79 Daley candidates in Cook County. Elsewhere in the state, Carter organized skillfully and campaigned hard. He took about 70% of the races outside Cook County, winning 52 contests to 81 for Daley.

Fresh Blood. The outcome was a blow of sorts to Hubert Humphrey, who hopes that favorite sons will control enough delegates to make a convention deadlock more likely. But Carter's surprising showing in Illinois suggests that favorite-son candidacies elsewhere—Senator Lloyd Bentsen in Texas, Governor Jerry Brown in California and possibly Senator John Glenn in Ohio—may not be so formidable. Moreover, there are signs that Daley may ultimately support Carter. Grumbling to friends about the "old faces" who are vying for the

nomination, the mayor says, "What we need is young, fresh blood in the party."

The Illinois victory was Carter's first in a northern industrial state. But the contest's importance was reduced somewhat by the absence of Jackson and Udall, who are also skipping the North Carolina primary. Thus the three major candidates will not be in the same arena until April 6, when the New York and Wisconsin primaries take place.

Jackson is still thought to have a clear lead in New York, but the combined efforts of Udall and Carter may well pull him below the more than 50% "landslide" that he has riskily predicted. Carter is also playing catch-up in Wisconsin. Udall started stumping there more than a year ago, is better organized, and has predicted that he will score his first campaign victory in the state. But Carter has assigned Wisconsin to one of his best organizers, Phil Wise, who headed his Florida campaign. Outside experts now see a close race between the two, with Jackson third.

However the voting goes that day, no candidate seems likely to emerge as being on a steamroller. That probably cannot happen at least until April 27 in Pennsylvania, which is shaping up as a pivotal primary. Carter, Jackson and Udall plan to mount major drives in the Keystone State, and all have high expectations. Says Mark Siegel, executive director of the Democratic National Committee: "It's going to be Armageddon."

Another Loss For the Gipper

In his most famous movie role, Ronald Reagan, as the strep-stricken Notre Dame halfback George Gipp, insisted on going to Illinois to play the Big Game against Northwestern. He made the do-or-die try, and sure enough—in a scene worth three wet handkerchiefs—he died soon afterward.

Something of the sort happened last week in Illinois to Reagan's candidacy. Its health had been severely taxed by four primary losses to President Ford, yet Reagan gamely pushed on to Illinois and suffered his worst defeat so far. Score: Ford 59%, Reagan 40% (Ford got the news in his second-floor White House study, while he was working through some papers and listening to Angie Dickinson's *Police Woman* on a TV set that was turned down low.)

But Reagan refused—for now—to let his candidacy expire. From his Pacific Palisades aerie overlooking smog-bound Los Angeles, he claimed that "we appear to have met our goal." For 1976's hard-pressed Gipper, 40% constitutes a victory. Next day he jetted to North Carolina for five days of campaigning in a feverish run to overcome Ford's lead among the Tarheels.

Wallace: What Else Could He Do?



GEORGE WALLACE ON THE CAMPAIGN TRAIL

Late one night in 1974, George Corley Wallace mused in his mansion about whether he should seek re-election as Governor of Alabama. A reporter turned to the perennial candidate, paralyzed from the waist down. Why would he want to suffer through more campaigning? In a rare moment of humility, Wallace answered softly, "If I didn't hold office, how could I live? You know I don't have any money. What could I do?"

Two years later, *TIME* Atlanta Bureau Chief James Bell pursued the same subject in a personal chat, asking: "Why not go back to practicing law and make a bundle like Tom Dewey and Richard Nixon when they were out of office?" Wallace thought for a moment. "Naw, I'm not interested in law, and I guess I wouldn't be much good at it any more." Well, why not run for aging John Sparkman's Alabama Senate seat in 1978? "Naw, I don't want to go to Washington to sit in the Senate." Surely there must be something he could do. "Maybe write some. Think I could write some?" Somewhat kindly, the reporter did not suggest that words tumble far more effectively from Wallace's

mouth than from his little-used pen.

Wallace, of course, by then had run for re-election, winning a term that will not expire until 1979. If he completes it, he will have spent 26 years in public office (counting two years when his late wife Lurleen was Governor). Yet the question of why Wallace keeps running was being asked even more pointedly last week, since his fourth race for the presidency was doomed to futility. Wallace insisted after losing to Jimmy Carter in Illinois: "No sir, I'm not thinking of quitting."

But the pouty lips conveyed a resurgent bitterness last week. There was an air of anger about him and dissension among his campaign aides. At the start of the 1976 campaign, he had seemed to be a gentle George Wallace. He refrained from attacking his critics and sang his populist song of cheering up the embattled middle class without the old undertones of racism and class hatred. But it had not worked. His railings against Washington bureaucrats, wealthy tax chiselers and crime in the streets had become respectable—but were being pre-empted by more respectable candidates. Carter asked Southern audiences: "Why send a message when you can send a President?" Wallace, who knows but will never admit that he cannot reach the Oval Office, began

Reagan's hang-on insistence was all the more puzzling because of his lackadaisical campaigning style in Illinois. Reported TIME Midwest Bureau Chief Ben Cate: "He wasted hours of valuable time going from one obscure town to another by motorcade. He sometimes slipped into motels and hotels through back doors, then begged off working the crowds waiting outside with a lame excuse: 'I'm sorry, but I'm running behind schedule.' He did not go after the suburban straphangers until it was too late. By contrast, Ford worked the fences and the police barricades as if he were I. B. J. in his prime. He deftly handled questions about everything from the Nixon pardon to the problems of Lock and Dam 26 on the Mississippi River at Alton, Ill., to civil rights for homosexuals ('I have always tried to be an understanding person as far as people are concerned who are different from myself'). He played very well in Peoria—by 63%—and just about everywhere else."

Out of Gas. After Illinois, Reagan trailed Ford by at least 54 delegates to 174. To give him even a remote chance of winning, his supporters had to concoct some farfetched scenarios. Noting that he had a 54%-to-37% lead in the latest poll in California, taken just before his loss in New Hampshire, California G.O.P. Vice Chairman Mike Montgomery doggedly maintained: "Take what delegates he has now, add California [167], and he's ahead." After



REAGAN MAKING A POINT BEFORE THE ILLINOIS PRIMARY IN HIS JOLIET HOTEL ROOM. Wasting time, slipping through back doors and begging off working the crowds.

North Carolina, however, Reagan has no expectation of winning a primary before Texas on May 1. If he blows that one, concludes his campaign manager, John Sears, "he's out."

The pressures will mount on him to withdraw much sooner for the sake of party unity. Said a White House assistant, indelicately: "Even Rommel gave up when his tanks ran out of gas." For fear of antagonizing conservatives whose enthusiasm Ford will need in Na-

vember, the President's aides have not directly assailed Reagan as a spoiler. Instead, they have encouraged Ford loyalists to speak out. Rogers Morton, who was tapped to succeed Bo Callaway as campaign manager (see story page 19), has asked Texas Senator John Tower, House Minority Leader John Rhodes and Republican Whip Robert Michel to "open a dialogue" with such Reagan partisans as North Carolina Senator Jesse Helms and Illinois Republican Con-

to lash out with some of his old meanness.

In North Carolina he damned Carter as "a liar" for not supporting him at the 1972 Democratic Convention after promising to do so—a pledge that Carter convincingly denies ever making. In the manner of Joseph McCarthy's tactics, Wallace said that there were "between 75 and 100 people who worked for McGovern," including a "card-carrying McGovern liberal," in Carter's camp. But he only named three (Fund Raiser Morris Dees, Pollster Pat Codell and Illinois Chairman of the Carter Campaign James Wall).

Wallace has been unable to squelch the doubts about his health. Plaintively, he declared in Durham, N.C.: "I'm glad I'm alive. God has been good to me. I don't want anyone to vote for me because I'm in a wheelchair. But I also don't want anyone to vote against me because of it." Then he added, more beligerently: "I'm just paralyzed in the legs. Some of these other fellows are paralyzed in the head."

But why does he push on? Never a captive of logic, Wallace argues on the one hand that his opponents have now come around to agreeing with him on the issues he sees as crucial—which would seem to be a reason to drop out

with satisfaction. But he also contends that if he were to quit, all the others would suddenly revert to their old ways.

Which would only please "superficial hypocrites" and "welfare rip-offers." He says he wants to influence the party platform, as though such platforms mean much. Clearly, he wants enough delegates to affect the selection of the nominee and to earn respect at the convention. Pride is a big thing with Wallace. Yet further humiliation in primary elections could be even more devastating to his ego.

Cornelia Wallace seems to share the spreading despair and defeatism in her husband's camp. Once gregarious and sparkling in public appearances, she now sits glumly, often unsmiling when George offers his crowd-warming jokes. She has heard them all so often—and so too have the voters. Wallace's basic pitch has not changed in 12 years: "I've always called politics the 'king of sports.'" Cornelia writes in her recent autobiography *C'Nelia*: "I was born to it. I lived it all my life and I've loved every minute of it. Yet now I find I've lost my enthusiasm for the campaign."

Loosing repeatedly can, of course, aggravate that feeling. But Correspondent Bell believes that Wallace will go on running because he has nothing better to do. He dislikes the technicalities of ad-

ministration, as required of a Governor or President, but loves the limelight and seeks a forum for his views. Thus it seems a good bet that, whatever happens this year, Wallace will indeed run for the Senate in 1978 and carry on the last of the Huey Long-style traditions of Southern demagoguery, while Cornelia shines as a Washington hostess. But isn't George cool to that prospect? Says Cornelia: "Maybe, when he sees that he's going to be out of office, he'll change his mind." Others might well ask: "If he's going to settle for that later, why not now?"

CORNELIA PLEADING HUSBAND'S CAUSE



gressman Philip Crane. Nine Republican Governors advised Reagan to quit.

"The President," says a Ford confidant, "is increasingly moving into a position where he can afford to be magnanimous. But Reagan is moving into a position where he's going to have to become an s.o.b. That's a dangerous situation."

So far, however, the Reagan challenge has been a bracing spring training for Ford Reports TIME Washington Correspondent Dean Fischer: "Reagan's bid is viewed as a plus because it enabled Ford to develop an effective campaign organization early, improve his own campaigning ability through practice, appear to the public as a comparative moderate and get a lot of publicity. Until now, in the words of one facetious White House aide: 'It looks as if Reagan is a Ford plant.'" Campaigning at week's end in North Carolina, Ford declared that he will win the G.O.P. nomination whether Reagan withdraws his candidacy or not, and flatly denied that he had authorized anyone on his staff to "suggest to my opponent that he ought to get out of the race." Ford did avow, however, that Reagan's continued efforts could have a divisive effect on the party.

On Track. Of course, the President benefited even more from the economy's rebound. Until about six weeks ago, surveys showed that Republicans were gloomy about the future: now most of them believe that the U.S. is back on the tracks. As a result, even conservatives are voting for Ford by top-heavy majorities. Since his State of the Union address in January, Ford has not been forced to make a decision that would offend any bloc of voters—an almost incredible run of luck that Hollywood's game Gipper had no way of overcoming.

ILLINOIS

How That Daley Machine Rolls

Down Chicago's State Street in their annual show of strength moved some of the biggest wheels in the nation's most powerful political machine. It was the annual St. Patrick's Day parade, but regardless of ethnic, racial or religious stripe, practically every precinct captain, ward committeeman and patronage worker was there. At the head of the throng—which included members of the city's bureau of forestry, bureau of electricity, bureau of sanitation and bureau of equipment service—stepped His Honor himself. Sporting an emerald hat and a shillelagh, Mayor Richard Joseph Daley marched jowl by jowl with the machine's new hero, Michael Howlett. The reason for this celebration was that Howlett had just preserved the machine's supremacy by knocking off its bitterest enemy, the incumbent Illinois Governor, Daniel Walker.

The state Democratic primary had been rough and shrill. Howlett, the Illinois secretary of state, called Walker "a bum" and an "irresponsible son of a bitch." Walker countered with angry charges of "bossism," saying that the issues all boiled down to whether or not the Daley machine "puppets" would control state government. In fact, Howlett's victory—by 54% to 46%—reasserted Daley's power over the whole state and enabled the mayor to humble Walker, who had been feuding with the machine ever since he upset Daley's candidate for the governorship in 1972.

From city hall, the word went out to many of the machine's 25,000 patronage workers: turn out the votes for Howlett or lose your city job. The ward com-

mitteemen got the message, and so did the precinct captains, who perform every service from bailing kids out of jail to helping faithful Daley followers find city jobs to assuring that garbage pick-ups and street repairs are made. On election day, the precinct captains strove mightily to meet the voter turnout quotas expected of them. The captains pointedly greeted voters by their names, while lesser machine workers carefully checked off against neighborhood lists those people who showed up at the polls. By mid-afternoon, if a "safe" voter had not shown up, a runner was dispatched to bring him in before closing time.

The machine did not win them all. U.S. Congressman Ralph Metcalfe, 65, the former track star who placed second to Jesse Owens in the 1936 Olympics, won re-election with 72% of the vote in a largely black area of Chicago's South Side, beating off a challenge by a Daley man. A onetime loyal lieutenant of Daley's who broke with him seven years ago over police misconduct in the black community and in 1975 supported former Alderman William Singer in his unsuccessful attempt to oust The Boss from the mayor's office, Metcalfe ran solely on the issue, "the liberation of the people from the Daley plantation." Thus, though Daley still is supreme, his hold on the city's black vote may be weakening.

Daley's Dragnet. That, however, appears to be the only part of the machine that is weakening in Chicago. True, Daley's dragnet was not the only cause of Walker's loss. The prickly Governor had managed to alienate almost every organized power in the state—the legislature, unions, the teachers and especially the political liberals, who could not forgive him for supporting capital punishment and cutbacks in state aid to education. Walker also failed to gain the backing of any of Chicago's three daily newspapers. Democratic Senator Adlai Stevenson III described the Governor as a man of "consuming personal ambition" who had "paralyzed the state by a failure of leadership."

Walker's defeat leaves Howlett to face the Republican primary winner, James "Big Jim" Thompson, 39, the former federal prosecutor, who has sent many officeholders—Democrats and Republicans alike—to jail for corruption. On primary night, Thompson staked out his theme for the November elections: "I'm going to talk a lot about one-man rule—and I don't mean Mr. Howlett." In short, Thompson's main target will be Daley. Thompson is popular, but anybody who tries to topple Daley's men faces quite a job. Just ask Dan Walker, the only incumbent Governor to be knocked out in an Illinois primary in almost half a century.



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COLORADO'S CRESTED BUTTE SKI AREA: FROM DEEP POWDER TO DEEP TROUBLE

SCANDALS

Curtains for Callaway

When not politicking or tending to his Georgia-based family businesses, Howard ("Bo") Callaway is happiest schussing down the slopes of his Crested Butte ski resort in Colorado. Last week, his excursion from deep powder to deep trouble as President Ford's campaign manager was complete. White House officials said Callaway soon will be permanently replaced by former Commerce Secretary Rogers Morton, a longtime Ford friend and trusted adviser.

Callaway's political trouble is a result of the Ford Administration's keen—and fully warranted—post-Watergate sensitivity to voter intolerance of even the whiff of scandal. The worst that had been alleged about Callaway was that in a variety of ways he had misused his muscle as a Government bigwig to promote and enlarge the \$10 million Crested Butte complex that he and his brother-in-law own. But that was enough.

Sweet Talk. A genial, sometimes bumbling Georgia millionaire whose family fortune (mainly from textiles) is estimated at \$40 million, Callaway is the focus of investigations by the FBI, a Senate Interior subcommittee and the Civil Aeronautics Board. The primary accusation was that on his final day as Army Secretary last July, he persuaded officials of the Agriculture Department to review a ruling by its subsidiary, the U.S. Forest Service. The original ruling had barred Crested Butte's promoters from leasing 2,000 acres of federal land on which to build new ski runs, which would have tripled the size of the resort. In succession, other charges swirled around the beleaguered former Republican Congressman. Among them:

► That since 1969, the CAB has enabled Callaway to establish fairly reg-

ular flight service from Atlanta to Crested Butte by waiving restrictions governing charter flights, including an "affinity" requirement that charter passengers belong to an organized group. Crested Butte's original request for such waivers has been re-approved annually and routinely by the CAB. The board is now investigating its own alleged favoritism.

► That three times when he was Army Secretary, Callaway flew by Air Force executive jet to another family-owned resort at Pine Mountain, Ga. Callaway says he paid for the trips.

► That in February of 1974, Callaway arranged to fly top Pentagon officials, including Deputy Defense Secretary William Clements, by military helicopter from the Air Force Academy at Colorado Springs to Crested Butte for skiing. Callaway says Clements paid for the trip.

Woven through the allegations is a too-familiar pattern of the Washington buddy system that Ronald Reagan and Jimmy Carter have condemned all along the campaign trail. The official to whom Callaway took his plea for a reversal of the Forest Service ruling was J. Phil Campbell, a close friend and fellow Georgian; indeed Callaway had recommended him as Under Secretary of Agriculture. Campbell admits that he urged reconsideration of the Crested Butte expansion. The reversal followed. By strange coincidence, the key decision maker in the Forest Service's reversal of its earlier decision was Jimmy Wilkins—who was assigned to Colorado from Atlanta after the transfer of two other Service officials and one ranger who had opposed Callaway's expansion bid. In addition, Robert Timm, a for-



CALLAWAY AT HIS RESORT

Too many boo-boos.

mer Washington State wheat farmer and another friend of Callaway's from Republican circles, became chairman of the CAB at about the time the board began expediting requests by Crested Butte for scores of flights yearly.

Last week Callaway said that he had not put pressure on anybody. He admitted arranging meetings in 1973 between the CAB and his partner and brother-in-law, Businessman Ralph O. Walton Jr. Callaway pointed out that he was not in Government at the time. But as the coordinator of Richard Nixon's 1968 campaign in the Deep South, Callaway was the sort whom many a Government bureaucrat would likely heed.

Callaway's associates in Georgia—even some of his political enemies—question his judgment but not his honesty. Says a top Atlanta businessman who knows Callaway well: "He's not the kind to piddle around in this kind of stuff."

Boo-boos. In the end, Callaway may be judged guilty only of a series of indiscretions that might have stirred relatively little notice in bygone eras. But a President who came to office after scandals forced his predecessor to resign—and who has so far come through to voters as a man of honesty and decency—cannot afford to wait for the final verdict on Bo's boo-boos.

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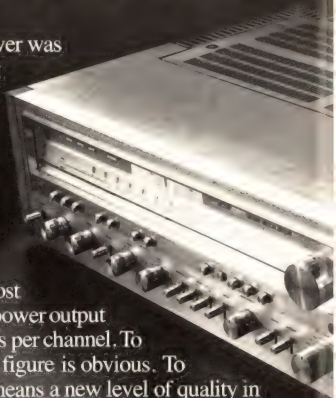
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TRIALS

The Verdict on Patty: Guilty as Charged

"Is this your verdict?" the clerk asked each member of the jury, one after another. Back came the answers "Yes... yes... yes..." As the seven women and five men spoke, the defendant sat erect, pale but composed and dry-eyed, while her lawyers leaned toward her protectively. Last week, after only twelve hours of deliberation, a San Francisco jury ruled that Patricia Campbell Hearst was guilty of armed bank robbery and of using a firearm to commit a felony.

It was the climactic moment of a trial that had leaped from one emotional peak to another for eight dramatic weeks. "Oh, my God," gasped Catherine Hearst, when she heard her 22-year-old daughter declared guilty. Two of Patty's sisters began to weep, as did U.S. Deputy Marshal Janey Jimenez, the defendant's photogenic escort for most of the trial. As for Patty, she betrayed no emotion, but her face was drained of color. She whispered almost despondently to one of her lawyers, "I wonder if I ever had a chance."

Only minutes before the verdict was read, Defense Attorney F. Lee Bailey had told reporters that he was hopeful of a favorable outcome because the jury had been out for so short a time. Now he turned ashen. The verdict, he said bitterly, only fulfilled the prophecies of Patty's captors; he recalled that members of the radical Symbionese Liberation Army, who kidnaped Patty on Feb. 4, 1974, had warned her that "if you go back, society is going to be very harsh, and they are going to punish you."

U.S. District Court Judge Oliver J. Carter had a different view. The verdict, he said, was "well within the evidence presented in this case, and therefore has been accepted." In mid-April, Carter is scheduled to pass sentence on Patty. The maximum—but unlikely—penalty, 35 years in prison (25 for willingly taking part in the armed robbery of a branch of the Hibernia Bank on April 15, 1974; ten for the ancillary charge of use of a firearm while committing a felony). The minimum possible sentence: simple probation.

Whether Patty would actually go to prison remained uncertain. Bailey immediately announced that he planned to appeal, and some leading lawyers felt that he had solid grounds for his motion (see box page 28). But Patty has a good deal more to worry about than her eventual fate in this case. The jury had

hardly pronounced her guilty in San Francisco than Los Angeles County District Attorney John Van de Kamp announced that "she'll be brought down as soon as possible" to face an entirely different set of charges on the state level: Patty stands accused of kidnaping, armed robbery and assault with a deadly weapon—eleven counts in all—stemming from a shoplifting spree at a sporting-goods store outside Los Angeles on May 16, 1974. During the melee, Patty fired off bursts of shots to cover the retreat of S.L.A. Members William and Emily Harris, who face trial on the same charges. If found guilty of kidnaping "for the purpose of robbery," Patty could get a life sentence.

Whatever happens to her in Los Angeles, the reaction to last week's verdict

CATHERINE HEARST

JURORS: HOUSEWIFE HELEN WESTIN, NURSE CHARLOTTE CONWAY, AIRCRAFT MECHANIC NORMAN GRIM, ALTERNATE STEVEN RIFFEL, RETIRED ARMY COLONEL WILLIAM WRIGHT, POSTMAN PHILIP CRABBE, STEWARDESS MARION ABE



in San Francisco showed that Americans are split in their feelings about Patty and whether she was lying when she insisted that she had been coerced into going along on the bank robbery. In his final instructions to the jury, Judge Carter said: "The law does not permit jurors to be governed by sympathy, prejudice or public opinion." Plainly, some Americans were still swayed by sympathy for Patty. "I'm really taken aback," said Sylvia Volin, an artist in Bergen County, N.J. "I thought everything was removed from her hands the moment she was kidnaped. My sympathies are with her." Patty's ex-fiancé, Steven Weed, told TIME: "I was more surprised

by the speed of the verdict than by the verdict itself. I can't see how any group of people could reach a conclusion beyond a reasonable doubt in something in which nothing is clear." But others felt that the defendant had got what she deserved. The reaction of James Strauch, a New York accountant, was typical. "After she was kidnaped, I suspect they persuaded her to join up, and she went along. Now she will suffer the consequences, just as anyone else would under the same circumstances."

The drama that reached a climax last week is precisely the kind of sensational story that Patty's grandfather, Publisher William Randolph



After the robbery, Patty escaped the holocaust of May 17, 1974, when six S.L.A. members died in the shootout with Los Angeles police. Along with millions of other Americans, she watched the death struggle live on television—the macabre media event of the year. There followed the 16-month chase as the FBI searched for her across the country while she traveled from the West Coast to a farmhouse in rural Pennsylvania and back again. Then, on Sept. 18, 1975, two lawmen crept up the stairs of a small house in San Francisco and knocked on the door, which swung open. Petrified Patty Hearst pleaded, "Don't shoot," and went along quietly.

To defend Patty, the Hearsts brought in the flamboyant Bailey, who could have used a big victory to revive his reputation as one of the shrewdest and most persuasive criminal lawyers in the nation. Opposing Bailey was U.S. Attorney James L. Browning Jr., who said his aim "was to try to neutralize the psychiatric testimony and to try the

RANDOLPH HEARST



JURORS: ARMY BOAT OPERATOR OSCAR MCGREGOR, POTTER BRUCE BRAUNSTEIN, ALTERNATE MARY NIEMAN, COUNTER CLERK CLOVETA ROYALL, RECEPTIONIST LINDA MAGNANI, DENTAL ASSISTANT MARILYN WENTZ, HOUSEWIFE BEATRICE BOWMAN

Hearst, exploited so skillfully while building his communications empire. From the moment that Patty was hauled half naked and screaming from her Berkeley, Calif., apartment, the story became not only increasingly dramatic but increasingly improbable. Could a rich, attractive young woman bearing such a legendary name really join the violent social revolutionaries of the S.L.A.? Could she have been so alienated from society and her parents—"pigs," she called them—that in two months she could change, by some strange metamorphosis, into the revolutionary named Tania? And could she have gone along on the bank raid of her own free will, carrying a sawed-off carbine like a latter-day gun moll?

case basically on the facts" (see box page 24). In acrimonious duels with Bailey, Browning won important victories by getting Judge Carter to admit the tapes from Tania, as well as some of her papers that were confiscated at the Hearsts' apartment. The prosecutor effectively cited this evidence to show that Patty not only extolled the S.L.A. but celebrated her role in the bank robbery. She had been acting, Tania said, as "a soldier in the people's army." Browning also produced a witness named Zigurd Berzins, who told the jury that Patty, for someone who supposedly was forced to go along on the raid, was unusually well prepared: she was carrying at least two clips of ammunition.

Faced with such damning evidence,



DEFENSE ATTORNEY BAILEY AFTER VERDICT
"No one is ever going to be sure."

Bailey chose to rely on the one witness who might have convinced the jury that the defendant had been brutally forced into taking part in the crime: he called Patty Hearst to the stand. It was a high-risk gamble. For although Patty performed well—vividly conveying the fears she said she experienced while with the terrorists—she was then open

THE NATION

to Browning's cross-examination. At Bailey's urging, Patty took the Fifth Amendment 42 times when asked about her activities in the year before her capture. That badly damaged her credibility. Bailey himself admitted that the impact was devastating, especially when considered together with documents in Patty's own hand, or bearing her fingerprints, suggesting that she had been planning to rob other banks. Said the defense lawyer: "I can't think of anything that hurt her more."

Answered Prayer. In the final week of the trial, Bailey tried desperately—almost savagely—to damage the credibility of one of Browning's most important witnesses: Dr. Joel Fort, a San Francisco physician with psychiatric training, who maintained that Patty had been a willing member of the bank-robbing crew. Indeed, Fort had called the defendant the "queen" of the terrorists. Bailey put on the stand Dr. James Stubblebine, a San Francisco psychiatrist, who testified that Fort had a reputation for being "untrustworthy and not to be believed."

Having done his best to discredit one of the prosecution's most important figures, Bailey later called two witnesses who, he calculated, could hardly be said to be impartial but who could have had

a favorable effect upon the jury: Patty's father and mother. Randolph A. Hearst, 60, president of the San Francisco Examiner, is a solemn-faced man these days, but he smiled warmly at his daughter as he settled into the chair. Hearst disputed Dr. Harry Kozol, a psychiatrist who testified for the prosecution that Patty was an incipient rebel before her abduction. She was "a very bright girl, pretty," Hearst said. "She was strong-willed and pretty independent. She was fun to be with."

When Catherine Hearst, 57, took the stand, her shining blonde hair elegantly coiffed, she looked as though she were planning to go shopping at Tiffany's. Steven Weed has claimed that there was "constant tension" between mother and daughter. In the S.L.A., "interview" with Tania, she called her mother "an incredible racist" and said that "my parents were the last people in the world I would go to to talk about anything." Yet Mrs. Hearst described Patty as "a very warm and loving girl," adding, "we always did things as a family." Bailey asked if the alienated girl described by Fort and Ko-

Browning: How to Blunt a Scalpel

"You never can tell what a jury is going to do, but I think we did pretty well." So said U.S. Attorney James L. Browning Jr., 43, last week in an interview with TIME Correspondents John Austin and Joseph Boyce on the eve of the verdict against Patricia Hearst. Browning's courtroom performance at the outset of the trial had seemed unfocused and adrift, but was more calculated than many observers supposed. "We have to prove the case, the defense doesn't," he explained. "That means you have to lay out the facts very carefully and thoroughly in the beginning. That may make you look like you're plodding and the defense is soaring, but we can't prove a case by flamboyance."

Nonetheless, Browning readily acknowledged his respect for the formidable chief defense attorney, F. Lee Bailey. "He's more articulate than I am," Browning admitted. "He goes for the jugular. He's a 'scalpel' attorney rather than a 'shotgun' attorney. He doesn't scatter his questions; he knows where he is going." On the other hand, Browning added slyly, he knows the "territory" and Bailey does not. He argued that Bailey badly misjudged the jurors' reaction to his scathing cross-examination of Dr. Joel Fort. Denouncing Fort as a "liar" and a "psychoopath"—which Bailey did—"may work on the East Coast, but not on the West," said Browning.

"People here are very intolerant when it comes to character assassination."

Browning took care not to bully Patty on the stand. "It would have been a mistake because it would have created sympathy for her." Her coolness under cross-examination surprised him. "She's a very sharp young lady, very shrewd."

The prosecutor also got help from a highly unpredictable source. William and Emily Harris, Patty's most ubiquitous S.L.A. companions and the only members of the guerrilla band still alive, gave a prison interview to *New Times* magazine in which Emily referred to "a stone relic in the shape of a monkey face" that Willie Wolfe once gave to Patty. "He called it an Olmec or something," she said.

That offhand remark rang a bell with the prosecutor. He recalled that on one of the tapes that Patty made during her S.L.A. sojourn she said that the "pigs" probably had "that Olmec monkey" that Wolfe—who died in the Los Angeles shootout on May 17, 1974—wore around his neck. The FBI transcript that garbled remark as "that old MacMonkey." After reading the *New Times* article, Browning asked the FBI, on a hunch, whether Patty had a similar Olmec trinket in her purse when she was arrested. The answer was yes. That led to Browning's deft summation ploy when he wondered why Patty had testified that she "could not stand"



PROSECUTOR JAMES L. BROWNING JR.

Wolfe but, long after his death, was still carrying the tiny totem that he had apparently given her.

Browning contended that things began looking up for the prosecution about midway in the trial—"somewhere between the time the judge allowed us to introduce documents from her 'blank' year [the year before her arrest] and she had to take the Fifth so many times in front of the jury."

What about the impact of the verdict on his future career? "I am not sure. I was told by some people that if what I wanted was a federal judgeship I shouldn't try the case. But I never felt that I could turn over the handling of the trial to any of my deputies."

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zol had any resemblance to Patty before her kidnaping. "None whatsoever," Catherine Hearst assured the jury.

Browning had often looked inept against Bailey—a local plodder who was simply outclassed by the courtroom celebrity brought in from Boston by the wealthy Hearsts. Yet Judge Carter did not see it that way at all. While the jury was out deciding Patty's fate, Carter thought back over the long and emotional course of the trial and praised the skills of both Bailey and Browning. "I always say, 'God, please send me a couple of good lawyers,'" he told TIME. "I much prefer it to trying a case in which you have one good lawyer and a bum—you're always having to try to help the bum out." Added Carter: "I think the prayer was answered. I think they were both good lawyers."

Prosecutor and defender were at their best while giving their summations. Browning placed before him on the table the sawed-off carbine that Patty admitted carrying into the bank. Then the Government's man, a tall, spare, right-ous figure, coaxed and exhorted the jury for nearly two hours, projecting a sense of deep moral outrage at what he claimed the defendant had done.

Full Share. What the case really boils down to, said Browning, is the matter of intent. "Whether the defendant was in that bank voluntarily and whether she acted... with a general willful criminal intent." In making up their minds, Browning urged the jurors not to place too much weight on the psychiatric testimony—even that produced by the U.S. Rather, they should decide the case "on the facts... because that is, frankly, where it's at." The prosecutor said in effect that Patty had convicted herself with documents, tapes and various writings. Echoing Kozol, the prosecutor called Patty "a rebel in search of a cause" who had been a full-fledged member of the party that robbed the bank. He noted that the stolen \$10,690 had been split nine ways—and that Patty had got a full share. Was it "reasonable," Browning asked, to believe that someone who had been forced to participate in the raid would subsequently be given an equal cut?

The most important piece of circumstantial evidence against Patty, Browning claimed, was her reaction when William and Emily Harris got into trouble at the sporting-goods store. Patty was waiting alone in a van outside. The defendant testified that she lived in terror of the Harrises, yet she fired off a fusillade of shots to cover their flight.

Patty's explanation was that she was so cowed by the Harrises that the firing was simply a reflex action. Some reflex, said Browning: she had fired one gun, dropped it, picked it up again, and squeezed the trigger until it was empty, then grabbed a second gun and fired several other shots. Browning asked the members of the jury if "as reasonable people," they could believe that the

S.L.A. had forced Patty to rob the bank when, just one month later, she had gone to such lengths "to free the very people that she claims forced her to rob the bank. Can you believe that?"

Telltale Face. Browning also pointed out that Patty had been allowed to stand guard at night at the S.L.A. hide-out while armed with a carbine. "Is it reasonable," he asked, "and again we are talking about what's reasonable in this case, to conclude that the captors would entrust their safety to their hostage, if that is what she were?"

Browning attacked Patty's credibility—a key issue—by dangling in front of the jury a small, stone figurine of a monkey. Patty was carrying the object in her purse on the day she was arrested last September. The prosecution claimed it was a gift from S.L.A. Member William Wolfe, who was killed dur-

and speaking without notes, the Richard Burton of the courtroom kept the jurors—and Patty—spellbound for 46 minutes. He made no attempt to review the entire case, as Browning had. Instead, with his voice fading to a whisper and then rising to a shout, Bailey tried to win over the jurors' hearts, if he had not already won over their minds.

The defendant, he acknowledged, robbed the bank. "The question you are here to answer is: Why? And would you have done the same thing to survive? Or was it her duty to die to avoid committing a felony? That is all this case is about, and all the muddling and stamping of exhibits and the little monkeys and everything else that has been thrown into this morass doesn't answer that question."

Bailey admitted that some of the evidence was inconclusive: "It's riddled



JUDGE OLIVER J. CARTER RELAXING IN HIS CHAMBERS AWAITING VERDICT

The verdict, he said, "is well within the evidence presented in this case."

ing the shootout with police in Los Angeles. "She couldn't stand Willie Wolfe," said Browning, but she carried that stone with her to the day she was arrested. "Yet there is the little stone face that can't say anything but, I submit to you, can tell us a lot."

Patty's whole tale, the prosecutor said, was "just too big a pill to swallow." He asked the jurors if they would accept the "incredible story" of the robbery "from anyone but Patricia Hearst. If you wouldn't, don't accept it from her either." Browning concluded with a quote cited in several Supreme Court decisions that had a grim, Old Testament ring. He hoped, he said, "that guilt shall not escape or innocence suffer."

When Bailey rose to deliver his summation, the benches were crowded with spectators expecting one of his famed histrionic displays. He did not disappoint them. Dismissing a microphone

with doubt and always will be... No one is ever going to be sure." He praised his team of distinguished psychiatrists for giving sensible explanations of Patty's conduct. By calling Kozol and Fort, said Bailey, the Government hoped to cause such confusion over the psychiatric testimony "that you'd fold the whole ball of wax and say, 'Well, they disagreed with each other, and leave it there.' Bailey singled out Fort for exorcism, calling him "a psychopath and a habitual liar."

One thing was clear, Bailey argued. Patty had been coerced into joining the S.L.A. and coerced into taking part in the robbery. Every member of the jury, he said, would have participated in the raid, if so ordered by the S.L.A. What is more, said Bailey, the jurors might have gone along even if they had not been intimidated by being held in closets for 57 days, as Patty was. Putting

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the matter as bluntly as he could, Bailey said that the alternatives faced by Patty were easy "for the most simple-minded person to understand: 'Do what I say or I'll blow your head off.'"

"We all have a covenant with death," Bailey said in a voice that had grown husky as the trial went on. "We all are going to die, and we know it. We're all going to postpone that date as long as we can. And Patty Hearst did that, and that is why she is here and you are here."

The final word came the next day from Judge Carter. In his charge to the

jury, he declared that the Government had to prove—beyond a reasonable doubt—that Patty had intentionally taken part in the bank robbery. "You are free to accept or reject the defendant's own account of her experience with her captors," Carter said. "Duress or coercion may provide a legal excuse for the crime charged against her. But a compulsion must be present and immediate—a well-founded fear of death or bodily injury with no possible escape from the compulsion."

In the first row of seats, Catherine Hearst—her face red and puffy from

crying suddenly rose as the judge talked on. Wiping her eyes with a tissue, she walked quickly out of the courtroom and stood hesitantly in the hallway until an official escorted her to an elevator. "I'm afraid I chickened out," Mrs. Hearst told a newsmen. "I didn't do too well."

Then Patty Hearst was led out of the courtroom to wait while the jurors began to discuss and debate her claim that she had been compelled to commit the crime. It did not take the jury long to decide that Patty, alias Tania, was not telling the truth.

Where the Defense Went Wrong

Where did Patty Hearst's defense go wrong? Or did it go wrong at all—since the defendant might still be exonerated on appeal? Not surprisingly, lawyers and psychiatrists interviewed by TIME disagreed on most points—except one. Many believed that the trial could have established some important precedents on the complex issue of human motivation and its effect on criminal behavior, but failed to do so.

"There were some sensationally exciting questions about the borderland between volition and involition in human behavior," said University of Chicago Law Professor Franklin E. Zimring. "We could have learned a lot from

this case about human behavior." Why didn't that happen? Zimring implicitly questions the entire adversary system of justice. "One side gets up and yells white and the other gets up and yells black while we're talking about shades of gray. There is no room in the law for the advocacy—or the exploration—of the shade of gray."

Two experts wondered about what they considered the schizophrenic defense strategy of F. Lee Bailey. Claimed Psychiatrist Willard Gaylin, president of the Society, Ethics and Life Sciences Institute at Hastings-on-Hudson, N.Y.: "There was confusion between brainwashing and coercion. Coercion is when a person does something against his will because he's terrified. Brainwashing is when a person tries to become and to will what somebody else is and wants. It was not clear what the defense wanted to say." Northwestern Law Professor Jon Waltz agreed. "On the one hand, Patty is supposed to be brainwashed," he said. "On the other, she's under duress. There's something vaguely inconsistent in that approach."

Other lawyers faulted the defense on different counts. Sam Dash, former majority counsel to the Senate Watergate committee and now head of Georgetown University's Criminal Law Institute, argued that Bailey probably erred seriously when he let Patty take the Fifth Amendment 42 times. Until then, said Dash, "she was saying: 'I was abducted, and temporarily changed, but I'm Patty Hearst again.' This attempt at portraying truth and honesty must have been shattered by the Fifth Amendment invocations. Jurors had to ask: 'Who is she, anyway?'"

Some attorneys maintained that Bailey should have moved sooner to suppress some crucial evidence seized in the San Francisco apartment of William and Emily Harris. They noted that the Harrises' lawyer, Leonard Weinglass, succeeded in getting the same evidence excluded from their Los Angeles trial. But other lawyers point out that since the rules of search and seizure are more liberal in California courts than in federal courts, such a move by Bailey was bound to fail anyway.

Harvard Law Professor Alan Dershowitz believes that the verdict may well be reversed, "primarily on the ground that the judge improperly let in a great deal of evidence of [Patty's] attitude and statements after the crime." Said Dershowitz: "The jury convicted her not for what she did at the time of the bank robbery, but for what she became afterwards." Others argued that there was also room for an appeal on Carter's instructions to the jury—that the judge's charge was "boilerplate" (nothing more than the standard instructions for a criminal trial) and that it omitted too much.

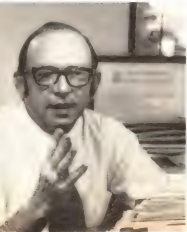
Given the differences over motivation and real guilt, what is Patty's sentence likely to be? Northwestern's Waltz speculated that Carter "would have to sentence her to time," but not to a term as harsh as, say, ten years. Zimring predicted a light sentence—or none at all. Yet he was troubled by his prediction. "What was there about the situation," he wondered, "that makes us all terribly unwilling to punish and yet creates such confidence in guilt?"



ATTORNEY LEONARD WEINGLASS



HARVARD PROFESSOR DERSHOWITZ



FORMER WATERGATE COUNSEL DASH

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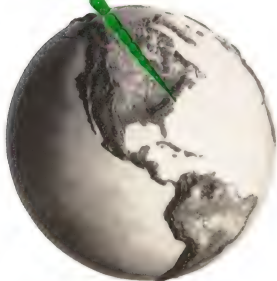
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ALGER HISS, LEFT, CONFRONTED BY WHITTAKER CHAMBERS, FAR RIGHT, AT HOUSE UN-AMERICAN ACTIVITIES COMMITTEE HEARING IN 1948

ESPIONAGE

A Verdict: 'Hiss Has Been Lying'

It was a cold-war confrontation, as unforgettable for its personal drama as for its historical significance. When, in 1951, Alger Hiss went off to prison for 44 months and Whittaker Chambers retired to a Maryland farm, the question still nagged: Who had lied? Today, in the minds of many people, doubts remain. But last week Hiss, 71, still denying Chambers' charges that he passed secret State Department documents to Soviet spies, suffered a damaging setback from a most unexpected source—the files of his own defense attorneys.

The controversy flared anew when Allen Weinstein, a respected historian from Smith College who had tended to believe Hiss innocent, did a complete turnaround. After examining 15,376 pages of FBI files that he had pried loose in a Freedom of Information suit last year and additional papers that Hiss instructed his lawyers to make available, Weinstein declared: "Hiss has been lying about his relations with Chambers for nearly 30 years. . . . Others who once believed in Alger Hiss may now be persuaded that he stole the documents in question and that Whittaker Chambers told the truth."

Obscure Congressman. Hiss was well-launched on a brilliant career when scandal struck. He had been a student of Felix Frankfurter at Harvard Law School, secretary to Supreme Court Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, executive secretary at the Dumbarton Oaks conference that laid the foundation for the United Nations. He went to Yalta with F.D.R. in 1945, specialized in Far Eastern affairs at State, and was president of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace when his world collapsed.

Chambers, a recanted Communist and an admitted former member of a Soviet spy ring, publicly identified Hiss in 1948 as the State Department official who had passed documents to him in



HISS IN NEW YORK CITY LAST YEAR

Set back by his own defense.

1937 and 1938. Hiss admitted knowing Chambers only after an obscure Congressman, Richard Nixon, brought them face to face at a dramatic executive session of the House Un-American Activities Committee in 1948 (at the time, Chambers was a Senior Editor of *TIME*). Claiming that he had known Chambers only in 1934 and 1935 as a freelance journalist using another name, Hiss denied the charges and sued for libel, but was convicted of perjury and imprisoned. Chambers' espionage charge against him was never proved.

Weinstein, who has been writing a book on the Hiss case, found that evidence given to him by defense lawyers was more damaging to Hiss than the FBI files. The professor published his conclusions in the current *New York Review of Books*, in which he reviews *Alger Hiss: The True Story*, a strong defense of Hiss by John Chabot Smith, a former reporter who also had access to the

Hiss defense files. Smith's book on Hiss deals largely with conspiracy theories. He argues implausibly that Chambers was not an ex-Communist but a Walter Mitty-type dreamer who typed the disputed documents himself. If not Chambers, the FBI or someone else may have done Hiss in, Smith concludes.

On the basis of the defense attorneys' files, Weinstein argues that:

- Experts hired by Hiss's own lawyers concluded that handwriting on copies of stolen State Department documents was that of Hiss and his wife Priscilla.

- His experts also concluded that the typing of the copies produced by Chambers was identical to samples of Priscilla Hiss's typing, a conclusion likewise reached by the FBI.

- Defense experts also determined that documents passed on to Chambers were typed, as the FBI claimed, on a Woodstock brand typewriter owned by Hiss.

- Hiss was aware that the old Woodstock typewriter had been given to the son of a woman who had been the Hiss family maid. Even so, Hiss told the FBI and a federal grand jury that it had probably been sold to a secondhand dealer in Washington.

- Lee Pressman, a secret but active Communist who recommended Hiss for his first Government job, played a major role in defense efforts to discredit Chambers.

- Defense lawyers were told that Chambers and two other members of the Washington Communist underground had been in touch with Hiss in 1934, trying to recruit him for espionage. This evidence came from the wife of one of the two other members.

- Hiss's lawyers had corroboration for Chambers' claim that Hiss had given an automobile to the U.S. Communist Party in 1936.

"The defense's basic problem," Weinstein concludes, "was in keeping the Government and the public from learning about the conclusions of its own experts, which it successfully managed to do at the trial."

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THE NATION

Last week Weinstein told *TIME*: "I wanted to believe that he was innocent. But I am a historian, not an apologist for anyone. I am not making a case for the FBI. I blasted them all along. I want every last piece of evidence I can get. I have tried to examine both sides of the matter. I can live with anything I find because I am not a partisan."

Hiss's rebuttal was immediate—and lame. He accused Weinstein of bias and called his conclusions "childish." But he did not refute most of those conclusions, including Weinstein's contentions—based on a letter that one defense lawyer had written to another in 1948—that Hiss knew that the Woodstock typewriter had been given away to the maid's son. Instead, Hiss merely reiterated an oft-levied accusation that the typewriter

produced at his perjury trial had a serial number (Woodstock N230099) that indicated it was manufactured one year later than the one he had once owned. Insisted Hiss: "I never handed Whittaker Chambers any State Department documents... I never engaged in espionage... I was never a member of the Communist Party. I was innocent then. I'm innocent now."

Chambers died on his farm in 1961, swearing that he had spoken the truth. Hiss, who is now a salesman and part-time attorney in New York City, doubtless will go to his grave still protesting his innocence. But Whittaker Chambers' story, which stood up under countless assaults during his life, has not been successfully refuted in the 15 years since his death.

MOSE ARONSON, BOSTON GLOBE NEWS



"Henry...!"

DIPLOMACY

Détente: The Word Won't Go Away

The charges that Secretary of State Henry Kissinger is soft on the Soviets have reached a peak in recent weeks. Longtime Administration critics and a clutch of presidential candidates have damned détente as a one-way street; the U.S., they claimed, has been bulldozed by the Russians. President Ford reacted by replacing the word détente in the diplomatic vocabulary with "peace through strength." All U.S. embassies were advised that the change was no mere wordplay; the U.S. was indeed taking a tougher stand.

Last week Kissinger took steps to signal the Kremlin that, however anxious the U.S. may be to curb the arms race, which is the central feature of détente, Washington will resist Soviet "adventurism." Testifying before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, the Secretary warned that "exploiting local crises for unilateral gain—a reference to Kremlin intervention in Angola—is not acceptable. This nation

will not seek confrontations lightly, but we are determined to defend peace by resistance to pressures and irresponsible actions." For starters, the State Department announced that three scheduled Cabinet-level meetings with the Soviets on trade, energy and housing would be postponed indefinitely. Said one senior White House official: "We are indicating that we are not conducting business as usual and that antisocial behavior by the Russians is costly."

Dual Policy. At the same time Kissinger privately expressed regret at Ford's decision to expunge the word détente. He complained that the decision was a petty capitulation to right-wing critics and tended to undercut the long-range policy the Administration intends to pursue. Publicly Kissinger made a point of reasserting that the U.S. would continue its "dual policy" of attempting to resist and deter Soviet adventurism while striving for "more constructive relations" with the Kremlin.

Said a State Department aide: "The Government doesn't want to mess with grain sales and SALT negotiations." The SALT II talks are stalemated, but Washington was hopeful last week that Moscow would move toward at least an interim agreement. The U.S. has proposed that the two nations reaffirm the agreements reached by Ford and Soviet Party Chief Leonid Brezhnev in 1974, thus indicating readiness to discuss further limitations.

Twin Determination. Meanwhile, some of Kissinger's most ardent foreign policy critics in the Senate, including Henry Jackson and Edward Kennedy, introduced a resolution supporting efforts to revive détente. Conceived by Democrats Mike Mansfield of Montana and Alan Cranston of California and Republicans Howard Baker of Tennessee and Charles Mathias of Maryland, the resolution was originally designed to suggest to all campaigners that SALT was too important to be kicked around as a political football. Once the resolution started circulating, it was watered down to the point where, as a source close to Jackson said, "Scoop didn't find anything that was objectionable." The resolution affirmed "our twin determination to do all that we must to defend and protect our nation militarily while at the same time exploring, energetically and effectively in good conscience and in good faith, every reasonable opportunity to lessen international tensions." As Cranston noted, it was designed "to balance the signals that are going out in support of continuing dialogue."

Those balanced signals left the Kremlin confused. "Soviet diplomats are scrambling madly around Washington trying to figure out what it all means," said a State Department official. What it means is something the U.S. has also often found hard to grasp: it is, as Kissinger keeps explaining, a dual policy. The Senate resolution expressed the same idea when it spoke of America's "twin determination." Thus the resolution served the useful purpose of showing that many of Kissinger's critics agree with his view of détente far more than recent political rhetoric suggests.

In another area of U.S. diplomacy, former President Richard Nixon last week sent a written report to Ford and Kissinger on his recent visit to China. It was hardly sensational, considering that Nixon had spent an hour and 40 minutes with Chairman Mao Tse-tung and ten hours with Acting Prime Minister Hua Kuo-feng. The Nixon report indicated that Mao's motive in extending the invitation was to signal Peking's overriding concern that the U.S. remain a strong counterweight to Soviet power in Asia. Nixon, the first American to spend much time with Hua, found the new man an impressive figure with a positive outlook toward U.S.-Chinese relations. Kissinger called Nixon's report "generally helpful."

BRITAIN

Harold Wilson's Stunning Last Surprise



His last surprise was his biggest. Only a few family members and close aides knew that when Prime Minister Harold Wilson climbed into the front of his official black Rover shortly after ten one gray morning early last week, he was on his way to Buckingham Palace to inform the Queen of his intention to resign from office. An hour later, when he broke the news to his Cabinet of his "irrevocable" decision to step down this month, the ministers sat in stunned silence; tears rolled down a few cheeks. So great was the disbelief by the BBC that it delayed telecasting the flash bulletin from 10 Downing Street for 32 minutes until it had been double-checked.

It was true. After three decades in the front ranks of the Labor Party and a total of almost eight years as P.M., Wilson was resigning to make the Crown's first minister and moving to Labor's back benches in the House of Commons. He would delay only so long as it took the 317 Labor M.P.s in the Commons to select a successor.

Personal Decision. The resignation, Wilson told his Cabinet colleagues, had been planned for some time. Immediately after he returned to office for the third time in March 1974, he had made a personal decision to serve only two years. Last December, he explained, he informed the Queen that he would step aside on March 9, two days before his 60th birthday; plans for an orderly transition of power were then drafted and in fact locked in a safe. The resignation was ultimately delayed one week to avoid affecting Labor's chances in two parliamentary by-elections (the Tories won anyway).

Why was he quitting? He insisted that he had simply been around long enough, noting that he had already answered 12,000 parliamentary questions and presided over precisely 472 Cabinet meetings. Although he recognized that his age was itself no bar to continuing in office (Churchill retired at 80, Gladstone at 82), he concluded that because he came to power early in life—he was the youngest P.M. in this century when he first moved into 10 Downing at 48 in 1964—60 was the "right age" for a change. He now felt, moreover, that the country was beginning to come to terms with inflation and the balance of payments deficit—a debatable assertion. Finally, to stay on any longer, he emphasized, would deny others the chance to serve as Prime Minister.

Most Britons tend to accept Wilson's explanation at face value. As the Liberal Party's elder statesman, Jo Gri-

mond, put it: "He came to the end of what he could do." Indeed, attempts to find hidden motives for the resignation do not hold up. His health apparently was not a factor. He looked ruddy and vigorous last week, belying rumors that he has been plagued with various maladies. Nor is there any evidence that he felt he was losing his grip on the party, even though he was embarrassed and angered by the rebellion earlier this month of the so-called Tribune Group, composed of 37 far left Laborites. They balked at a new Wilson stratagem to tamp down inflation through deep cuts in social service spending and forced Wilson to call for a vote of confidence. He won it handily.

Even if Wilson was being candid in his explanation, however, it did seem strange for him to resign just when currencies were in turmoil (with the pound dipping below \$2 for the first time ever) and the British economy was afflicted with rampant inflation (23.4%) and rising (now 5.6%) unemployment. It would have seemed that Wilson would have wanted to stay at least until April 6 for the presentation of a new budget that will reflect his new austerity policy. But Wilson may have wanted to step down early so as to give his successor maximum time to build a track record in Parliament before the next mandatory elections in 1979. Some also thought that Wilson might have reckoned that his departure at a time of high tension between moderates and leftists in the party could enhance the chances of his being followed as prime minister by Foreign Minister James Callaghan, a skillful, avuncular politician who enjoys wide popularity.

Under Labor Party procedures, candidates for Wilson's post must announce by the beginning of this week. The first candidate who receives a majority of votes (159) from the Labor M.P.s wins. If no winner emerges on the first ballot, later this week, weaker candidates will be eliminated and the voting will go into a second and possibly third round.

Bookies' Favorite. At week's end there were six Cabinet members in the race. The early favorite—with London bookmakers as well as political analysts—is Callaghan, who, like Wilson, could best hold Labor's warring factions together. Yet he will probably have to face a runoff, perhaps against another moderate—Home Secretary Roy Jenkins, who is the hero of many Laborites disillusioned with old-style politics. Less likely is Employment Secretary Michael Foot, a stalwart of Labor's left wing. The

chances of Chancellor of the Exchequer Denis Healey, another moderate, were damaged by his verbal abuse of the leftists during a recent parliamentary debate. Two others not given much chance to survive: Environment Secretary Anthony Crosland, who is not well known among British voters, and Energy Secretary Anthony Wedgwood Benn, the extreme left apostate peer who has long been a burr to Labor moderates, notably including Wilson. Indeed, Wilson probably would not have stepped down

had he thought a leftist like Benn or even Foot might succeed him and wreck the new counterinflationary economic strategy.

Since the Tories will find it hard to win the support of all Liberals, Scottish and Welsh Nationalists and M.P.s from Ulster, the overall majority of one now enjoyed by Labor theoretically enables Wilson's successor to hang on until late 1979, when the present Parliament reaches its statutory limit. But lacking a popular mandate, he will probably

decide to seek an election, possibly in 1978. While this will not give him very much time to demonstrate an ability to tackle Britain's deep social and economic problems, if he needs help, Wilson will not be far away. "You will be able to count on my full support, especially when the going is rough," Wilson last week assured his yet unchosen successor. Then, to allay fears that he may become an annoying meddler, he added quickly: "But I do not intend to offer gratuitous advice."

The Top Four in the Labor Race

ST. GEORGE OF THE CENTER. Leonard James Callaghan, 64, is the London bookies' favorite (9 to 4 last week) to succeed Wilson, and many politicians agree. A shrewd political strategist, Callaghan has two main assets as a potential party leader: broad popularity and the "bottom," as the British call it, to put renegades in their place. "Sunny Jim" is also the only politician among the eggheads in the party's highest councils whose background reflects that of most Labor voters. The son of a Royal Navy chief petty officer, Callaghan quit school at 15 to support his widowed mother. He entered politics through union elections, eventually rose through Labor's ranks to hold all three of the major Cabinet posts: Chancellor of the Exchequer, Home Office Secretary and, since 1974, Foreign Secretary, where he renegotiated Britain's Common Market membership with finesse.

His term as Chancellor was less distinguished. Casting himself as a sort of monetary St. George, he led the costly and ultimately unsuccessful struggle to stave off devaluation of the British pound during the first Wilson government in 1967. At the time, one of his Cabinet colleagues complained, "Jim was a pushover for the treasury mandarins. He simply did not have the intellectual equipment to overrule their traditionalist advice." But Callaghan has a shrewd sense of grass-roots opinion, and in the words of one junior minister, he "knows what the ordinary bloke will wear and not wear." He enjoys more union support than other contenders, keeps a firm hand in the party machinery, and has well-placed supporters in key constituencies up and down the country. Says a Cabinet colleague with grudging admiration: "Jim is the nearest thing this country has to a Tammany Hall pro."

ELOQUENT MANDARIN. Roy Jenkins, 55, currently Home Secretary, is the most eloquent right-of-center voice in the Labor leadership. He has the allegiance of a hard core of Labor intellectuals who are fed up with the political opportunism of the Wilson era and admire Jenkins' courage. He also has considerable appeal among the broader liberal community outside the party. In the early 1970s, when the Common Market was most unpopular, Jenkins risked a promising career by his unflinching advocacy of Britain's joining Europe.

Yet many Laborites regard Jenkins as a cultural snob with no taste for the rough give

and take of either domestic or international politics. The son of a Welsh coal miner who became parliamentary secretary to Prime Minister Clement Attlee, Jenkins was a student at Oxford's Balliol College, where he took first honors in politics, philosophy and economics. He also acquired an upper-class "mandarin" accent, excellent French and a taste for claret and opera—none of which are especially valued by the party's old guard.

HIT MAN. Denis Healey, 58, Chancellor of the Exchequer, is a tough fighter with a deserved reputation as Wilson's "hit man." Says one ministerial colleague: "In getting what he wants, he's like a Sherman tank blasting opposition out of the way." The Healey style and philosophy are perhaps best summed up by his reaction to John Kennedy's *Profiles in Courage*, a book that greatly impressed him. "It wasn't the nice, goody-goody thing you'd expected. Instead, almost all of his cases were men who became moral shits in the interest of the political good."

The son of a poor Yorkshire schoolteacher, Healey won a scholarship to Balliol, where he took a double first in classical studies and philosophy and had a brief fling with the Communist Party. He became head of labor's international secretariat at 28 and played a key role in framing the Attlee government's opposition to Stalin's imperialism. Despite a strong radical streak, Healey as chancellor has stood for a kind of aggressive orthodoxy, and has managed to get labor leaders to agree to—and even applaud—an anti-inflation program that includes pay curbs.

CIVILIZED FIREBRAND. Michael Foot, 62, the firebrand radical with the flowing white mane who inherited Aneurin Bevan's mining constituency of Ebbw Vale, was brought into the Cabinet as Employment Secretary by Wilson to buy peace with the unions and the party's left wing. It was an inspired idea. Sensitive to the devastating impact of runaway inflation on workers' wages, Foot helped Healey and Jack Jones, leader of the powerful Transport Workers Union, to forge the much praised plan to limit pay increases.

Although the normally voluble Foot did not discard his left-wing views, he decided to put the fight against inflation first—a gesture that has earned him high marks among center Labor M.P.s.



JAMES CALLAGHAN



ROY JENKINS



DENIS HEALEY



MICHAEL FOOT

Man for a Season of Decline



WILSON PLAYING AT HIS COUNTRY HOME



POSING WITH WIFE MARY



Harold Wilson's departure from power closes what historians will probably tag Britain's Wilson Era—a period of painful adjustment to a post-Empire world of narrowing influence and opportunities abroad and unfulfilled expectations at home. As head of government for nearly eight of the past twelve years, Wilson may not have dominated the era, but he was certainly its dominant political figure and symbol, a round, pipe-puffing, wily—some would say shifty—Yorkshireman waging a struggle to hold party and country together.

In 1964, when he first became Prime Minister, Wilson was a man who vowed to plunge Britain into the "white heat of technological revolution" to reverse the country's economic decline. But the industrial revival did not happen, largely because Wilson did not have the vision to attempt any but limited measures that merely continued the postwar "stop-go" cycle of boom, inflation and economic bust. Instead, Wilson's major accomplishment was that he seemed to have persuaded his fellow Britons to recognize at long last that their nation must somehow begin living within its means.

Wilson's hallmark in this enterprise was not glowing political vision but sharp political acumen. It made him the winningest P.M. in British history, with four election victories (1964, 1966 and two in 1974) against one defeat (to the Tories' Edward Heath in 1970). Wilson himself conceded: "I am not doctrinaire. I just want to get on with the job."

Political Houdini. To his critics, he was not so much pragmatist as opportunist, a kind of political Houdini ready to do contortions on any issue to get out of a tight situation. British entry into the Common Market was the prime example. Wilson was for it when he was Prime Minister in 1969, then vigorously opposed it two years later when he was out of office and polls showed Market membership to be unpopular, then reversed himself again in 1975. But his deft handling that year of the referendum ratifying Market membership ended a long, divisive domestic debate on Britain's link to Europe.

Much of Wilson's acrobatics involved economic policy. He needed all of his political agility to hold together Labor's warring moderate right and radical left wings. As an old party saw has it, "If you can't ride two horses, you have no business in the circus."

At first, Wilson's posture was relatively orthodox, especially his stubborn three-year struggle to stave off devaluation of that national totem, the pound. After the failure of that costly effort, Wilson more and more found himself locked in a

battle with his party's leftists. Turned out of power in 1970, he began tending his frayed ties with the unions and the Labor left as he watched Tory policies lead to a confrontation with the unions that nearly paralyzed the country. In his election campaign of 1974 he promised to restore labor peace with a "social contract" providing for a sharp increase in pensions and food and housing subsidies in return for restraint on wage demands. He won the election but soon learned that restraint was out of the question. Social contract or no, the unions forced up wages. Faced with a 23.4% inflation rate, the highest in Europe, Wilson last year imposed a stringent ceiling on wage hikes; last month he tightened the screws further, announcing a "new industrial strategy" for cutting social services while aiding business growth.

Wilson was frank about his limits of power. To criticism that he was an accommodator rather than a leader, he replied: "Any fool can have a confrontation. You can press at the wrong time and get the wrong answer. Or you can work on people. You've got to have a sense of timing."

Intellectual Allure. The son of a Yorkshire chemist, young Harold was probably drawn to Labor more by the intellectual allure of its pre-war Fabianism than by any burning class consciousness. "I haven't read Marx," he admitted. "I got stuck on that footnote on page 2." He joined the civil service in 1940 to aid the war effort, leaving his post as an economics don at Oxford, three years later, at age 27, he became chief economist in the wartime fuel and power ministry. At 29 he won a seat in Commons, where he has remained for 31 consecutive years—30 of them either as a minister or shadow minister and 13 of them as Labor Party leader.

Plainspoken and totally indifferent to sartorial fashion, Wilson was far removed from the Tory Britain of clubs and grouse moors. He and his home-loving wife Mary (they have two sons) seldom entertained; they did their holidaying reading whodunits in a cottage in the Scilly Isles, off Land's End. After his third return to office in 1974, Wilson did not even bother to move back to 10 Downing, preferring to stay in his town house a few blocks away.

Wilson often suggested that he never expected to rise to Churchillian heights. "I'm the lesser of two evils," he once said of himself and the Tories. Measured by his own modest standards, he did not do all that badly for his country. While he failed to inspire, he at least proved that Britain was still governable. It was, after all, barely more than a year ago that some British rightists were muttering about fielding private armies to take on the unions, and even the staid London *Times* was wondering whether this was Britain's "last-chance Parliament." That such talk has now subsided is at least partly due to Harold Wilson.

Royal Bust-Up In London

MARGARET AND TONY TO PART? wondered the London *Sun* in banner headlines. Scarcely 24 hours after Harold Wilson's sudden resignation announcement, Britain's front pages were taken over by a zinging royal marital drama. At week's end a pair of terse announcements confirmed the breakup of the long-troubled 16-year marriage of Princess Margaret and the Earl of Snowdon. A clipped bulletin from Kensington Palace, the Snowdons' London residence, stated that the two "have mutually agreed to live apart. The princess will carry on her public duties unaccompanied by Lord Snowdon. There are no plans for divorce proceedings." A spokesman for Margaret's older sister Elizabeth at Buckingham Palace added that the Queen "is naturally very sad."

The news did not surprise the royal couple's chums: the real question was not whether the marriage was in trouble but when the two would split—and how. Margaret and Tony have been going their separate ways for several years. Snowdon, now 46, an accomplished photographer, traveled a lot and could hardly complete an assignment with a comely fashion model before the gossip columns reported a romance.

Silver Stud. Tales of Margaret's independent habits also got around. Most recently, the stories have focused on the close companionship between the princess, now 45, and Roderic ("Roddy") Llewellyn, 28, a brewery owner's son. Llewellyn, who sports a silver stud in his left ear and favors jeans and tank tops, recently accompanied Margaret—for the third time in three years—on a vacation to the Caribbean island of Mustique, where the Snowdons keep a four-bedroom retreat. Back home, according to London's *News of the World*, Roddy has had Margaret out on weekends at his country digs, a seedy manor house near Bath that he and friends have turned into a commune.

Margaret's roller-coaster romantic history goes back to the 1940s, when, as a coltish teen-ager, she developed a serious crush on Group Captain Peter Townsend, a handsome World War II flying hero and aide to King George VI. The crush developed into a full-fledged romance. When she was in her mid-20s, and Townsend had divorced his wife, a wedding seemed to be the next thing on Margaret's agenda. But Queen Elizabeth, as head of the Church of England, could not sanction the marriage of her younger sister, then third in line to the throne behind Prince Charles and Princess Anne, to a divorced man.

In 1955, the princess gave up Townsend. "Mindful of the Church's teaching that marriage is indissoluble," she announced, "and conscious of my duty



LEWELLYN (RIGHT CENTER) WITH FRIENDS IN COMMUNE

to the Commonwealth. I have resolved to put these considerations before any others."

That painful decision, say some who know Margaret, drove the unhappy princess into her marriage to Antony Armstrong-Jones in 1960. Margaret was bitter following the Townsend bust-up, and seemed intent on getting even by finding a partner whose marital status was suitable but who conspicuously lacked the usual aristocratic Establishment credentials. For this scenario, Tony Armstrong-Jones seemed perfect: well-enough educated (Eton, Cambridge) but more than a little bohemian, a trendy, fast-living committer who dared to court Margaret by inviting her—so friends said—to a balconied flat he had rented overlooking the Thames docks in south London.

The match between Margaret and Tony at first cheered the royal family, who were glad to see the princess, then 29, at last heading for the altar. But even before the ceremony, some royal doubts were heard about Tony's eclectic circle of friends—a lissome Chinese model who had once been his closest companion, other photographers, assorted designers and decorators and fashionable young marrieds who spent more time apart than together. Nevertheless, the wedding in Westminster Abbey was a dazzling state occasion. Apparently gen-



LORD SNOWDON, PRINCESS MARGARET & HEADLINES
A mutual agreement, a saddened Queen.

uinely in love, the couple sailed off in the royal yacht *Britannia* to a honeymoon in the West Indies, where a rich friend was to give them a parcel of land on his private island—Mustique.

Old Flame. Margaret and her husband, newly created the Earl of Snowdon, set up housekeeping in a large Kensington Palace apartment and soon became fixtures on the club and party circuit of swinging London. They had two children: David, Viscount Linley, now 14, and Lady Sarah Armstrong-Jones, now eleven.

Before long, they began swinging apart. By 1967, stories began turning up in the columns that Lord Snowdon, then back at work as a photographer, was mixing pleasure with business. One rumored object of affection—quickly denied—was a Chinese model who recalled Tony's old, pre-Margaret flame.

THE WORLD

Talk of a royal rift was fanned when first Tony, then Meg, entered a hospital for routine stays, and neither visited the other.

Leggy Lady. At the time, Snowdon brusquely disputed any talk of a tiff. But new signs of deep trouble in the marriage kept turning up. Tony took over a country place in Sussex, where he, Margaret and some of his pals gathered on weekends. But the princess soon tired of what she called Snowdon's "leather jacket" cronies, who bristled at calling her "Your Royal Highness." When Margaret stopped going to Sussex, Tony took fashion models along on assignments. Another reported companion, from the nearby estate of the Marquess of Reading, was the Marquess's daughter, Lady Jacqueline Rufus Isaacs. Lady Jackie, pouty-lipped, leggy and then 24, was said to have seen Tony both in the country and in London, but she steadfastly denied any romance.

Meg was making her own rounds with her own escorts, and by 1971, stories of an imminent split-up were rife. The split was headed off only, acquaintances insist, because the Queen intervened and urged Margaret and Tony to go their own ways as discreetly as possible. Friends found that entertaining the two, when they did get together, could be painful. Margaret had become especially fond of gin-and-tonics. She

would at times airily ignore Tony. When he invited guests to Kensington Palace, she would breeze through the rooms, stopping long enough only to cast a chill on the festivities. To many Britons who had learned to love the impish princess in her younger days, she had become an imperious snob who performed her chores disinterestedly. "We got all of the *noblesse*," grouched one Londoner last week, "and none of the *oblige*."

As the Snowdons' circle of friends narrowed, Margaret called an old chum in Scotland one day in 1973 and announced she was coming for the weekend. There she met Roddy Llewellyn.

Margaret's increasingly public outings with Llewellyn apparently led to the long-building breakup. Humiliated and angry, Snowdon—friends said—wanted a divorce, which remains a problem for the royal family: the Queen is head of the Church of England, and the Church still considers marriage indissoluble. Where civil divorce occurs, remarriage in the church is refused. Thus Margaret's uncle, King Edward VIII, had to abdicate his throne in 1936 to marry "the woman I love," the American divorcee Wallis Warfield Simpson, and Margaret had to forget Peter Townsend.

For the Snowdons, a legal separation was by far the simplest solution. No appearances in court are necessary, law-

yers handle all the details. After two years, British law provides that an uncontested divorce could be granted. A divorce would not imperil Margaret's standing in the succession, her \$70,000 annual allowance, or her other royal perquisites—so long as she did not try to remarry. If she did, she would have to renounce any claim to the crown and the titles and privileges that accompany it.

Doting Parents. One major reason that Margaret and Tony might have agreed to a simple separation is their concern for their children. For all the couple's differences, they are both doting parents. Lord Linley and Lady Sarah will continue to live in Kensington Palace. Lord Snowdon will have unlimited visiting privileges.

The concern for the children—and a certain residual affection between the parted pair—was apparent in Lord Snowdon's comment on the separation last week from Sydney, Australia, where he is opening a show of his own photographs. He told a press conference that he wanted "to pray for the understanding of our two children, to wish Princess Margaret every happiness for her future, and to express with utmost humility my love, admiration and respect I will always have for her sister, mother and indeed her entire family." After such a sad and stormy marriage, it seemed a gallant goodbye.

MIDDLE EAST

Kneeling to Allah, Not to Leonid



BREZHNEV & SADAT IN MOSCOW IN 1973
Now the U.S. holds the cards.

Through most of a 3-hr. 15-min stem-winder to Egypt's People's Assembly last week, President Anwar Sadat was in an amiable mood. But in the final five minutes he turned sternly serious, and then he dropped his bombshell: "The Soviet Union," he declared, "is trying to bring us to our knees. But I will get on my knees before no one but Allah." Amid ringing cheers, Sadat then demanded that the parliament unilaterally abrogate Egypt's treaty of friendship and cooperation with the Soviet Union because Moscow is no longer providing the military support that the 1971 pact was supposed to guarantee.

Moscow was plainly surprised—and embarrassed. The Soviet press retorted weakly that Sadat's move was meaningless because the treaty was "paralyzed" in any case. There was no mention of the fact that only last month at the 25th Party Congress, Party Boss Leonid Brezhnev had dismissed rumors of rift and pledged to strengthen Soviet-Egyptian relations. The U.S. was quietly delighted by Moscow's discomfort, especially because Cairo editorials likened the Soviet failure to honor the treaty to an old debacle in Egyptian-U.S. relations: the refusal by John Foster Dulles two decades ago to arm Egypt or finance the Aswan High Dam, which prompted

Gamal Abdel Nasser to turn East and open Egypt to Soviet influence.

By turning West again, however, Sadat is subtly pressing Washington—just at a time when such pressure might affect a U.S. presidential campaign. Specifically he is looking for U.S. military equipment and assistance to replace the Russian aid denied him. In Israel, the idea of Washington arming Egypt has raised angry protests. U.S. Jewish voters, too, are disturbed and uncertain about Secretary of State Henry Kissinger's proposal to sell a package of six C-130 cargo planes to Egypt for \$50 million. Supporters of Israel see the C-130s as only the first item on a long list of sophisticated equipment for Egypt.

Cairo seeks new arms because the Soviets have provided virtually none since the 1973 war, while generously refurbishing the Syrian army and advancing \$1 billion in military goods to an Arab wild man, Libya's Muammar Gaddafi. Moscow intimates that Egypt's staggering debt for previous goods and services—still about \$6 billion, including commercial loans—is a reason for the slowdown. Sadat in private conversations gives probably a more accurate reason. He accuses the Soviets of attempting to overthrow him by generating unrest in Egypt in revenge for his participating in U.S. step-by-step diplomacy.

Sadat justified his diplomatic moves



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THE WORLD

last week by pointing out that "99% of the cards of the Middle East game are in the hands of America." To escape dependency on the Soviets and remain in the game, Sadat last month wheedled substantial aid out of oil-rich Arab allies during a trip to the Persian Gulf. He was promised \$750 million outright by Saudi Arabia, Kuwait and the Gulf emirates, as well as \$700 million more in an unannounced gift from the Saudis to pay for Western arms; he also has pledged from the oil-producing states of another \$12 billion over four years in long-term loans, provided Egypt improves its fiscal position. In addition, Sadat has a *quid pro quo* from the U.S. for taking part in the Sinai negotiations with Israel. Following successful second-stage Sinai disengagement talks last summer, President Ford acknowledged that Washington and Cairo were discussing arms aid and that "there is to some extent an implied commitment."

At the heart of the commitment is a subtle shift in U.S. thinking. Before the Sinai talks, Washington sought to prevent war by keeping Israel unmistakably stronger than the Arabs in order to discourage attack. Now, in a period of reduced hostility, the Administration feels it can also provide arms to Arabs without shifting the military balance. In the case of Egypt, such arms will mollify military leaders and insure against Sadat's overthrow by less moderate rivals. The U.S. also helps Sadat and improves its own leverage in the Arab world by not abandoning him to critics after he has boldly moved out of Moscow's orbit and opted for peacemaking.

Israeli Aid. Another consideration in the Administration's decision is that Sadat, particularly since he has cash, is bound to get arms somewhere. For instance, War Minister Mohamed Abdel Ghany Ghamasy left for France last week to talk about Mirage fighters and ground-to-air missiles. The U.S. might as well try to provide arms and regulate the flow.

None of these arguments satisfy Israeli or its backers among U.S. Jews, even though continuing heavy U.S. military aid to Israel (\$2.3 billion this year) has once again made the Israeli army the strongest in the Middle East. Last week a dozen representatives of American Jewish organizations visited the White House to question military support for Egypt. They found President Ford friendly but unyielding. He insisted that "nothing else of significance" was currently planned beyond the C-130s—which Kissinger, who sat in, dismissed as "six lousy airplanes." Ford told the group he intended to follow a dual policy of concern for Israel's security and support for the "courageous" Sadat. "The election won't change things," said one of the Jewish representatives resignedly after the meeting. "This is going to be U.S. foreign policy and it doesn't matter who is President."



ARAB DEMONSTRATORS LIGHT BONFIRES TO PROTEST ISRAELI CONTROL OF WEST BANK

Angry Riots on the West Bank

The United Nations Security Council this week was scheduled to debate the problem of growing disorders on the Israeli-occupied West Bank. What made this particular confrontation of rhetoric interesting was that Israeli delegates would join in the talk—as would representatives of the Palestine Liberation Organization. The debate will thus mark the first time that officials of the Jewish state have participated in a Security Council debate in which the P.L.O. is also involved.

In Jerusalem, Foreign Minister Yigal Allon insisted that the decision to join the debate "does not mean even a hint of recognition" of the P.L.O. Nonetheless, it was a notable change in tactics for Israel, which boycotted last January's Security Council debate on Middle East problems precisely because the P.L.O. was admitted as a full participant. This time Israel was aware that the P.L.O. would claim to represent the increasingly restive 650,000 Arabs on the West Bank who have lived under Israeli rule since the Six-Day War.

Holy of Holies. The reason for the debate was a storm of demonstrations, strikes, riots and other political protests that spread through West Bank cities and towns last week. The initial focus of the Arab discontent was a religious issue: a decision handed down two months ago by a Jerusalem magistrate, Ruth Or, that Jews had a right to pray on the Temple Mount, the site of the ancient Temple of Solomon and hence Judaism's holiest site. It is also the site of Al Aqsa mosque, revered by Muslims as the third most sacred spot in Islam, after Mecca and Medina. Previously, Israel's Chief Rabbinate had forbidden Orthodox Jews even to set foot on the Temple Mount, lest they accidentally

commit sacrilege by stepping into the ancient temple's lost Holy of Holies, where only the high priest could enter. But some militant Orthodox Jews chose to challenge the Moslems' monopoly of the mount by praying there, thus triggering the court decision.

Furious over what they labeled an attempt to "take over our holy places," Arab students in the West Bank city of Nablus abandoned their classes and took to the streets, singing pro-P.L.O. songs. Student strikes spread to other towns. Arab businesses closed. Six mayors and five city councils of important towns on the West Bank resigned.

Warning Shots. Violence erupted when rock-throwing crowds confronted baton-wielding Israeli soldiers. In the worst incident, soldiers fired warning shots into a crowd of demonstrators, wounding three young Arabs, one critically. Disagreement on how to handle the troubles split the Israeli leadership. Defense Minister Shimon Peres rejected the idea of any stiffer military measures, but Premier Yitzhak Rabin, in a private talk with Peres, declared, "I don't care if we have to put the entire army in the West Bank. I want quiet and order, and I want it now."

Observers differed on whether the West Bank disorders stemmed principally from local discontent or were the work of P.L.O. provocateurs. In either case, the unrest seemed to threaten the much heralded municipal elections scheduled to be held in 25 West Bank communities next month. Yet the long-term effect could prove beneficial. "At least Israel is debating in the same forum as the P.L.O.," noted an Egyptian official. "Now perhaps something can be organized where they can get to the guts of the problem."

ARGENTINA

Edging Closer to Open Chaos



More than 2,200 people have died in political violence and scores of others have been abducted by hooded terrorists since President Isabel Perón took office 20 months ago. But last week the violence took a new and ominous turn. A bomb exploded at the army headquarters in Buenos Aires, injuring 28 (including four colonels), killing a passing civilian truck driver, destroying a dozen vehicles, and even shattering windows more than 300 yards away in La Casa Rosada, the presidential palace. The left-wing Montonero guerrillas claimed responsibility for the blast, which seemed to signal an ugly change in their strategy: a new willingness to risk the maiming or killing of innocent civilians.

Both the right and the left seem to be embracing random terror and Mafia-style vendetta. Recently, the mother, father and sister of a youth named Federico Guillermo Baez were abducted from their home in the seaside resort of Mar del Plata, then later found dead. Their hands were cut off to delay identification. The next day the police announced that young Baez was the leader of a guerrilla squad that had killed an army colonel. The clear implication: right-wing forces had decided to avenge the officer's death by wiping out Baez's family.

Survival Strategies. The rising terror has been coupled with ruinous inflation, currently running at a rate of 600% a year and caused largely by the feeble government economic policies. While the treasury presses out billions of pesos each week to finance rising deficits, the Perón regime has tried to soften the inflation's impact on wage earners by imposing artificial ceilings on service and commodity prices. These ceilings, in turn, have severely squeezed farmers and businessmen, with the result that goods and services are simply disappearing.

With the near collapse of public faith in the peso—down from 36 to the dollar a year ago to 570 last week—Argentines have devised various strategies



for financial survival. To get around the government's fixed dollar exchange rate on exports, for instance, some companies arrange for inflated invoices on imports, collect excess dollars at the lower official rate, supposedly to pay the phony bills, then cash the difference on the free market. Many shopkeepers have two sets of books—one that lists transactions at official prices and is shown to government inspectors, and another with actual prices, usually much higher, that customers pay. Each day shopkeepers rush to the nearest exchange to turn in their pesos for dollars, then buy pesos when they need to restock.

The rich deal with inflation by buying property that is likely to rise in value, such as automobiles and real estate, or stash their money in banks in neighboring Uruguay, where dollar accounts are legal. The average worker has no such sanctuaries. Like many other blue-collar workers, one factory stock clerk named Victor, 56, finds that his hard-won comforts are vanishing fast. Once his family regularly dined on beefsteaks, now, he says, "we don't know what meat looks like. We eat ravioli." His 13,000 peso monthly salary is now worth only about \$40. Last year his monthly salary was just 6,000 pesos, but in purchasing power it was worth \$166.

In an effort to put a lid on the pay-price spiral, Economy Minister Emilio

PRESIDENT ISABEL PERÓN MAKING SPEECH
Feeble and inconsistent policies.

Mondelli three weeks ago proclaimed a "national economic emergency" and decreed sharp increases in the cost of some goods and services, including milk (up 31%), rice (70%), wine (78%) and local train fares (150%). Mondelli also pledged that wages would be allowed to rise no more than 12% and that a six-month freeze would follow. Enraged unions forced the government to agree to a 20% pay raise, but strikes and slowdowns spread across the country nonetheless. This undermined an Argentine mission to the International Monetary Fund in Washington. Unpersuaded that the Mondelli anti-inflation plan would hold, the fund granted only \$130 million of the \$314 million in credits Argentina had requested.

Coup Talk. The tottering economy compounds the political troubles of Isabel Perón, whose arbitrary and high-handed ways have made her increasingly unpopular even in her own party. Along with complaints about the economy, Argentines talk more and more about a coup—not if there will be one, but how soon. The military has an unimpressive record in governing Argentina: After trying to do so from 1966 to 1973, and failing both to solve its pressing economic problems and to stem political terror, the generals turned power back to civilians in virtual despair.

Given the present regime's incompetence, however, even the military probably could do better in restoring some semblance of order to the economy. Whether it could stem the violence is another matter. The guerrillas are clearly committed to a bitter fight, and the military is their sworn enemy. A coup might only clear the field of side issues for a long and dirty civil war.

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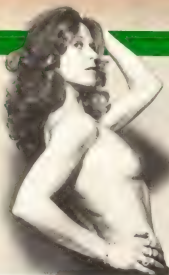
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MARILYN DRESSES THE PART

She's come a long way since posing squeaky clean with that baby on the Ivory Snow box, and Porn Star **Marilyn Chambers** is still moving. With her cinematic X-ertions (*Behind the Green Door: Resurrection of Eve*) playing in movie houses round the country, Chambers, 23, has now begun polishing her moves for a New York cabaret show. Titled "Le Bellybutton" and scheduled for opening this week in New York's Hotel Diplomat, the song-and-dance blackout revue will exhibit Marilyn and a cast of eleven in a multitude of skins. "Of course films are very lucrative," purrs Marilyn, "but this is more lucrative in the way of experience."

"I hated to give them up," admitted **Muhammad Ali**. But the heavyweight soon kayaked his emotions. Thus on June 9, a pair of 8-oz. gloves and a terrycloth robe will join historical memorabilia like Babe Ruth's bat and Eli Whitney's cotton gin on display at the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D.C. "It's a great museum with its little cars and trains," observed the champ, who took time out in the capital to mug with a statue of Washington. "My gloves may be more popular," Ali added, referring to the mitts that in 1974 beat George Foreman in Zaire, "but the cotton gin did more for mankind. I'm a man, I'm not no cotton gin."

"We will have very much chic," promised **Regine**, Belgian-born dynamo of the discotheque set, who last week unveiled the newest of her high-priced nightspots. The sometime singer-actress, notorious for banning the un-hip from her clubs in Paris, Monte Carlo and Rio, was all open arms as she offered several hundred guests a preview look at her new dance-and-dining emporium. The locale: Manhattan's Delmonico hotel. The stars: Actress **Candice Bergen**,

Designer **Hubert de Givenchy** and former *Vogue* Editor **Diana Vreeland**. The floor show: a fashion exhibit featuring "ready-to-dance" dresses created by the red-haired restaurateur herself. "I have always, since a child, dream to have my name on Broadway," confessed Regine, 46. "So for now, I have my name on Park Avenue. Then Broadway."

After 28 years of plugging orange juice for the folks at Minute Maid, Crooner **Bing Crosby** will soon sing the praises of a more potent libation. At a \$10,000 bash for the press in Beverly Hills last week, Crosby, 75, and Comedian **Phil Harris**, 69, announced the formation of their own import company. The pair's first product, Mexico's Herradura Tequila, a blue-chip potable that will sell in the U.S. for \$13 a fifth. "It's a natural," says der Bingle. "Phil has been known to take a drink from time to time. If he does half as much for Herradura as he's done for Jack Daniel's over the years, we're in."

One wag suggested that Brigadier General **Omar Torrijos** might simply have been trying to walk on water. At least Panama's strongman added some excitement to ceremonies marking the partial completion of a dam and hydroelectric plant on the Bayano River last week. Shortly after pushing a button to drop the last of four gates damming the current, Torrijos, 46, suddenly plunged into the river—fully clothed in his national guard uniform, with military boots and a .45 automatic. He was immediately followed by a few loyal military aides, then by Panama's civilian Vice President, **Gerardo Gonzales**. After several minutes of Mao-like cowering for the benefit of onlookers and TV cameras, Torrijos climbed out of the muddy waters, volunteering no reason for his unexpected aquatic.



MUHAMMAD ALI & FRIEND

TORRIJOS DOES HIS IMPRESSION OF CHAIRMAN MAO
RESTAURATEUR REGINE GREET'S CANDICE BERGEN



U.S. CARTOON GIBES AT SINKING POUND, HARASSED CURRENCY DEALER IN FRANKFURT AT HEIGHT OF HECTIC TRADING

MONEY

Shrinking the Snake

Something like an old-fashioned monetary crisis gripped Europe last week. Currencies wobbled, governments felt threatened, and the carefully worked-out international agreements aimed at keeping exchange rates stable seemed on the verge of collapse. The French franc lost 3.7% of its value against the dollar and the Italian lira 8.6%. The British pound, weakened by confusion surrounding the surprise resignation of Prime Minister Harold Wilson, continued to trade at record low prices. As anxiety began to shake the money of other nations, traders rushed to buy up strong West German marks. That left West German authorities struggling to avert a formal upward revision of the mark, which would discourage exports and slow the country's recovery from recession.

The latest trouble, which had been simmering since January, turned worrisome two weeks ago (TIME March 22), when the lira's drift downward accelerated and the pound fell below the psychologically sensitive \$2 mark. The basic cause was economic disarray in Italy and Britain, which have the highest inflation rates among major European countries. The declines immediately made the goods of both countries cheaper in world markets, and money-men began selling francs in the belief that the French government, which is struggling with a 10% inflation rate, would have to let their value fall to keep French exports competitive.

Following a testy European monetary meeting Monday, an angry French Finance Minister Jean-Pierre Fourcade in effect accused the British of precipitating a crisis. He charged London with deliberately letting the pound drop in

order to stimulate exports at the expense of Britain's trading partners—a charge that British Chancellor of the Exchequer Denis Healey denied. Fourcade also made a last-ditch attempt to keep the franc in the so-called European snake—an arrangement that bound France, West Germany, the Benelux countries, Sweden, Norway and Denmark to hold their currencies within a 4.5% range of fluctuation against each other. Fourcade proposed that the permitted variation be widened slightly, allowing the franc to drift gently down and the mark and Dutch guilder to bob up a bit. West Germany agreed, but The Netherlands balked, contending that Dutch exports and thus the nation's economy would be damaged. The French concluded that they had no alternative but to leave the snake and let the franc sink.

First Stage. Sink it promptly did—to a low of 4.775 to the dollar and a close of 4.72, or 4.551 the week before last. That was the first stage in a decline that moneymen thought might eventually come to 10%. The drop seriously embarrassed the government of President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing. It was Giscard, a staunch proponent of currency stability, who had brought France back into the snake last July, over the objections of his top economic advisers.

The markets had not quite digested the French move when they got a second bombshell: Wilson's unexpected resignation. In the ensuing tumult, the pound traded as low as \$1.9115. Whether the pound recovers in the weeks ahead depends largely on the progress of Wilson's successor in cutting the nation's 16% inflation rate.

The nervousness generated by the troubles of the franc and pound intensi-

fied the already alarming slide in the lira. In a single day, the lira fell from 842 to the dollar to 880; it closed at 875—down 27.6% from 686 as recently as Jan. 20. To boost government revenues and restore confidence in the lira, the government of Prime Minister Aldo Moro started a harsh austerity policy. Among other things, it raised taxes on auto sales, lifted the price of gasoline by 14.3%, to \$1.73 a gallon, and raised the government bank lending rate a startling four points, to 12%. Significantly, Prime Minister Moro, whose Christian Democrats are operating a minority *monocolore* government, was forced to consult with the Communists before he could start that program.

The Danish and Belgian currencies also came under pressure, because Denmark suffers from chronic trade deficits (\$128 million in the first nine months of 1975) and Belgium is burdened by an 11% inflation rate. At week's end there was growing concern that one or both might be forced to follow France out of the snake. At the same time, the value of the German mark against other snake currencies threatens to rise above the 4.5% range. There are persistent rumors—denied by German officials—that the nation might once again revalue its currency upward.

Although the gyrations will presumably stop soon, they already have had pernicious effects. Some economists estimate that the fall in the lira has doomed Italy to a 20% inflation rate this year—a 12% last year—by making imports more expensive. The European snake has been reduced to a small grouping of Germany and some close economic allies; it cannot be, as it was once supposed, the foundation of European economic unity. The central problem is to find a way to let currency values shift to reflect changing economic conditions, and yet keep them reasonably stable; the current turmoil illustrates that so far no one seems to have the answer.



EMPLOYMENT

Slim Pickings for the Class of '76

James Foss, 23, got his bachelor's degree in industrial management from Michigan's Lawrence Institute of Technology last July. He expected to go to work for one of the major automakers, but neither they nor 50 other companies that Foss approached were interested. Then he learned that he could qualify for a typist's job at Michigan Bell Telephone Co. if he could manage 45 words a minute, and today he is studying typing at a community college near Detroit. The \$139-a-week job is no sure thing, but Foss is hopeful: "I'm up to 34 words a minute."

Mark Steinberg, 25, a Phi Beta Kappa graduate from U.C.L.A. with an M.A. in psychology from Berkeley, subsists on food stamps and lives on unemployment compensation in Venice, Calif. How many responses has he had to the 50 résumés he sent out? "I don't have to guess," he says. "One." He did not get the job.

Howard Felber, 32, is more fortunate. He is employed—as an office boy for a real estate firm in Lawrence, Kans., picking up trash, gassing up cars, running other errands. Felber used to be a clerk in a liquor store; before that, in 1974, he got a Ph.D. in medieval history from the University of Kansas.

Similar stories can be heard around any campus: the French major who landed an accounting job after a six-month search; the linguistics graduate who drives a cab; the B.A. in marketing who makes \$3.50 an hour in a party-favors store; the Ph.D.s who work

as stewardesses, fishermen, welders, bank tellers. All bear witness to the death of the deeply ingrained American belief that a college diploma is a semi-automatic passport to a high-paying job and a fulfilling career. As a Wellesley senior puts it, "After college, there is no free lunch."

There especially will be no free lunch for the class of '76, which is graduating when the nation's economy has not fully recovered from its worst slump since the 1930s and many companies are still holding down hiring. According to the College Placement Council, a Bethlehem, Pa., research group, this year's graduates face possibly the worst job outlook ever. Employers are expected to make 5% fewer job offers to recipients of all kinds of degrees than they did even a year ago, when the recession was at its worst. Some other surveys point to a small improvement, but one that leaves the job picture still bleak.

The employment crisis of the well-educated did not begin and will not end with the class of '76. It has only been aggravated, not caused by the recession and its aftermath. The primary cause is a structural problem that almost nobody foresaw a decade ago: the output of the U.S. educational system and the needs of the U.S. economy are badly out of sync.

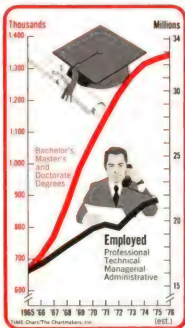
In a forthcoming book, *The Overeducated American*, Harvard Economist Richard B. Freeman explains that in the 1950s and 1960s, an ample demand for graduates existed in industry and Government. But then the number of graduates shot up as the post-World War II baby-boom generation began earning degrees. Even if recession had not reduced industry's demand for graduates, there would have been an oversupply. It got worse because, simultaneously, Government-sponsored research slackened, limiting demand for scientists, and the number of schoolchildren to be educated declined with the U.S. birth rate, lessening the need for teachers. As the supply of graduates outstripped demand for them, the starting salaries of humanities and social sciences B.A.s plunged in real terms (that is, discounted for inflation) below 1960 levels, and increasing numbers of college graduates took jobs not only unconnected with their fields of study but outside the managerial and professional ranks. They became, in a word, underemployed.

By the end of this academic year, about 1.3 million people will receive bachelor's, master's and doctor's degrees, nearly double the level of ten years ago. During the same period, though, the number of professional, technical and managerial jobs in the U.S. has grown by barely more than a third (see chart). Freeman reckons that the mismatch will get worse until the mid-1980s. Then the college-age segment of the population will diminish somewhat, and the proportion of graduates getting good jobs will increase.

Meanwhile, graduates will have to take what they can get. By far the worst off in the class of '76 are those earning bachelor's degrees in the liberal arts.

Unemployment among new humanities B.A.s is running at about a 15% rate—higher than the 14.4% registered by laborers. Those who do find work—most probably unrelated to their majors—will earn average starting salaries of \$825 per month. That is less than any other graduates will make (accountants, for example, can expect about \$1,000 a month). Architecture is a particularly inhospitable field and about 4,000 more new lawyers will graduate this year than the 26,000 legal positions that are expected to be open.

Many education graduates are no better off than Therese Borden, 23, who, despite her accreditation to teach high school, is distributing lunch trays in a Seattle hospital. "It's very depressing," says she, "to find out that you're not qualified after five years of training." Only specialists in such




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A close-up portrait of a man with dark, wavy hair and a slight smile, wearing a red suit jacket, white shirt, and a striped tie. The background is a soft, out-of-focus grey.

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fields as bilingual Spanish-English teaching or musical-instrument instruction in elementary schools have much hope for employment. With the sometime exception of biologists and economists, Ph.D.s are in dire straits. Academic hiring is nearly dormant (one California psychologist claims to have mailed off 800 résumés over five years), and the uncertain R. and D. climate discourages employment of science doctorates.

The National Board on Graduate Education estimated in December that through the end of the 1970s as few as 7,000 Ph.D.s a year, or a fifth of the 35,000 or so produced, will find work closely related to their training. Getting unrelated jobs is tough too: corporations often regard Ph.D.s as otherworldly. "We need creative thinking," says Mary McMahon, an Equitable Life assistant vice president, "not their specialized knowledge."

Where are the jobs? "Most employers," says Joe Guthridge, assistant placement director at Georgia Tech, "are forced to get personnel who can turn a profit for them right away, so those students who have a specific talent and can bring it to bear instantly are the ones who get hired." Businessmen are above all looking for problem solvers. Pre-eminent among these are the top-drawer business administration graduates. Pennsylvania's Wharton School and U.C.L.A.'s business school placed nearly all their job-seeking students last year and expect to repeat in 1976.

New doctors, as usual, have no worry about finding employment. Demand is also high for engineers, particularly in the petroleum industry, which is offering baccalaureates about \$1,400 a month to start. Computer scientists and technicians (but not pure mathematicians) are prized. Other fields with openings: accounting, hotel and restaurant management, agronomy and horticulture, nursing, and pharmaceutical technology and sales, especially in the insurance business.

Industry is eager to employ women and blacks. Companies canvassed by Frank S. Endicott, retired placement director of Northwestern University, intend to hire 45% more graduates from both groups than they did last year. Even in such god-forsaken academic fields as history, women—particularly black women—stand a reasonable chance of finding good jobs.

Graduates for whom there is a lesser demand are finding ways to make themselves more employable. Many return to school, to pursue advanced training in their fields or to enter new, more practical ones. For example, Bob Roos, a B.S. in fisheries science from California's Humboldt State University, works as a clerk and is pursuing a B.A. in accounting. To accommodate such students, many colleges have modified their policies to allow baccalaureates to earn second, low-level degrees.

Students are also flocking to community and junior colleges—public and private two-year institutions respectively—which are the nation's fastest-growing schools. Between 1960 and 1974, enrollment at two-year colleges roomed from 660,000 to 3,257,000. Some community-college students are "retreads" from more exalted degree programs. Others, including older full-time workers and recent high school graduates, find the two-year programs the surest routes to good jobs. Community colleges frequently combine courses with on-the-job experience away from school. At Miami-Dade Community College, the nation's largest two-year college (50,000 students), mortuary-sciences majors put in substantial time at local funeral parlors.

Administrators of some four-year liberal arts colleges are also moving to prepare students better for the world of work. The College of St. Francis in Joliet, Ill., which once specialized in training teachers, has revamped its curriculum to grant degrees in nuclear medical technology and business administration. John Shingleton, placement director at Michigan State and an early critic of "impractical" education, has instituted an "executive in residence" program that brings General Motors managers to live on campus for a week with liberal-arts majors and impart to them a feeling for the "real world." Boston's Northeastern University has long been famous for its "co-op" system under which students for five years alternate course work and full-time employment, on the road to a B.A. Career Services Director Frank Heuston boasts that 77% of Northeastern graduates are placed in jobs related to their skills.

Economic realities have increasingly been figuring in educational planning. Thomas Fernandez, vice president of Atlanta's Emory University, says he consults the U.S. Department of Labor before counseling students. Says he: "You can't crystal-ball it. If we graduate 15,000 chemical engineers every four years, we want to be sure that down the road, chemical engineering is where it's at." Every two-year community college in New York State has an advisory panel of industry officials to assist in creating curriculums or practicing academic contraception if a program produces graduates for whom there are no jobs. More and more, undergraduates are being urged to make career choices early, to keep an eye on the marketplace, and, if they must major in the humanities, to minor in a business field or at least learn to take shorthand.

The vocational bent in higher education has obvious pitfalls. "This whole business of trying to pick a major to match a job is just Russian roulette," says Harvard's Freeman. Today's "hot" fields—engineering or accounting, for example—could be glutted in a few years much as aerospace science, the glamour field of the early 1960s, fell away by the decade's end. Besides, asks Herbert Salfinger, director of career planning at Berkeley, "Should we turn someone off to a field that really interests him" because job prospects are slim?

Many educators agree with James R. Gass, head of the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development's educational-research arm: "Educational action to prepare for work and active life should aim less at training young people to practice a given trade or profession than at equipping them to adapt themselves to a variety of jobs." According to the Bureau of Labor Statistics, the typical American changes his job seven times during his lifetime, and his career three times. Francis Fisher, director of Harvard's career services office, goes further, arguing that "we must break the assumption that the purpose of education is to prepare for work." He and other educators contend that liberal-arts training, whatever its salability in the job market, is a necessary resource in a civilized society.

But high-minded theories of education are not much use to young people thinking about bread and butter. Inside the colleges, anxious students have often become prematurely professionalized and disturbingly competitive. At New York's Columbia University, for example, one-third of the freshmen have enrolled in pre-med courses. "As Americans, we really prize a de-

HONORS GRADUATE STEINBERG HOLDS JOB REJECTION SLIPS



ECONOMY & BUSINESS

gree, but I'm not sure we prize an education," muses Georgetown Dean Royden B. Davis, SJ.

Job seekers caught in the degree-holders' crunch react variously to their condition. Some, at least at first, are indignant. Alicia Kaye, office manager for a Los Angeles employment agency, reports that liberal-arts majors who are told of openings in insurance or secretarial work often retort: "Why should I take a \$600-a-month job when I can collect unemployment benefits?" Others rethink their ambitions. Jackie Smith, a Boston College marketing major who is "shocked and amazed" not to find a job in business, has been a professional boxer for six years and is keeping in shape—just in case. There are graduates who grow frustrated and bitter, and there are those who accept what is available with good humor and hope for better times. Paul Creasey, 25, a U.C.I.A. history B.A., had hoped to become a management trainee but instead mans a spray hose for a commercial pesticide company. "It's not exactly what I had in mind," says he, "but any port in a storm."

Then there are people who are downright cheery about underemployment. Robin McElheny, a 1975 *magna cum laude* Radcliffe graduate who describes her undergraduate education as "worthless," works as a housecleaner in Boston and hopes to become a quiltmaker. "I enjoy cleaning houses," she says, "and I meet a lot of people doing it." For some, such as a Wellesley graduate working as a groom at a prep school's sta-

bles, there is even a certain blue-collar chic in low level jobs.

It is arguable that having upper-class youths work as plumbers' assistants contributes in some small way to a healthy lowering of class and economic barriers. Further, young people who have to wait to find work learn patience and open-mindedness. For one thing, the reflexive antipathy many students once felt toward the corporate world has vanished as they learn where the jobs are. Harvard Sociologist David Riesman thinks that underemployed graduates benefit from the enforced delay in making career choices. "Doing a lower-level job is not so bad," says he, "so long as it's well-paying enough to support a young person, and his record collection, in comfortable style."

What is bad, however, is to have a college graduate stuck in a lower-level job too long. Society is ill served by the dissatisfaction he feels as the job that once seemed a temporary expedient begins to look like a career. And there is an insidious ripple effect to the underemployment of the well-educated. When Ph.D.s take jobs away from B.A.s, the B.A.s find positions—in retail sales, for example—that used to go to high school graduates.

For all their difficulties, the college-educated are still better off than non-college youths. Last year the average unemployment rate for Americans under 24 who had at least four years of college was 8.3%, but for people in the same age group with only a high school diploma it was 19.9%. Despite the eagerness of businessmen to hire college-educated blacks, the average unemployment rate among black teen-agers—who are generally less schooled and skilled than white youths—was a horrifying 42.8%. Sooner or later the best-educated young Americans find jobs, if only ones for which they are overqualified, and during a lifetime they will still make much more money than youths with less education. In the process, however, the college-educated underemployed aggravate a social problem even more disruptive than their own: the travail of the non-college youths for whom there are no jobs at all.

COLLEGE-EDUCATED PEOPLE IN STOPGAP JOBS. CLOCKWISE: MARKETING STUDENT SMITH AS BOXER, BORDON AS HOSPITAL WORKER, HISTORY MAJOR CREASEY AS BUG SPRAYER & ART GRADUATE McELHENY AS HOUSECLEANER



Can Everyone

The trouble college youths are having in finding jobs is only part of a much larger national problem. 7.6% of the U.S. work force is unemployed—down from the recession peak of 8.9% but still worrisome. Is it possible to guarantee a job to everyone who wants one? For two full days last week, the cavernous Caucus Room of the Old Senate Office Building resounded with testimony from experts summoned by the Joint Economic Committee to answer that poser. TIME Economic Correspondent John Berry reports:

The chairman of the Joint Economic Committee wasted no time stating the issue as he saw it. "We stand today at a historic crossroad," said Senator Hubert H. Humphrey. "We can accept the policies that have brought stagflation. Or we can replace them with a new economics." He was referring to the "Full Employment and Balanced Growth Act of 1976," which he has co-authored with California Representative Augustus Hawkins and which is rapidly becoming a kind of election manifesto for liberal Democrats. The true purpose of last week's hearings was to give national exposure to the legislation.

Humphrey's grandiose proposal

TRADE

Politics Over Philosophy

President Ford made his first major foreign-trade decision last week and came down in favor of election-year politics against free-market philosophy. In response to vigorous lobbying by steel-makers and the steelworkers union, Ford agreed to limit imports of most stainless and alloy tool steels. He directed his special trade representative, Frederick Dent, to attempt to negotiate "orderly marketing agreements" with the major foreign exporters, Japan, Sweden and the European Common Market. If such agreements are not concluded by June 14, Ford will impose quotas similar to those recommended in January by the U.S. International Trade Commission (ITC). They would hold imports this year to no more than 146,000 tons, or 153,000 in 1975, meaning that any increase in demand would be filled entirely by domestic mills.

Disputed Findings. The 1974 Trade Act permits quotas when domestic producers can show that imports are causing grave injury to a U.S. industry—and the stainless- and specialty-steel producers have been seriously injured. Domestic mills in 1974 ran at full capacity, last year they operated at 40% of potential. During last year's third quarter, 40% of the 65,000 workers in the industry were idle. The ITC found that imports of four of the five types of steel covered

by Ford's order—stainless sheet and strip, bar, plate and alloy tool steel—rose in 1975, and concluded that imports were at least as important a cause of the industry's troubles as any other factor, a prerequisite for relief under the Trade Act.

That finding is disputed by some Administration economists, who contend that recession hurt the industry more than imports did. Paul MacAvoy, a member of the Council of Economic Advisers, faults the ITC for "never even questioning" the role of industry price policy. ITC data indicate that on most of the products concerned, domestic prices were rising last year while the prices of imports either were falling or going up less than the made-in-America steel.

Richard Simmons, president of Allegheny Ludlum Steel Corp., the largest U.S. specialty-steel producer, challenges that finding. He says his company cut prices in 1975 by as much as 25% but nonetheless was undersold by foreign producers whose exports were subsidized by their governments.

In any case, the real reason for Ford's decision was not economic. His political advisers were convinced that



STEELWORKERS PRESSING FOR QUOTAS NEAR PITTSBURGH
No comfort for champions of free markets.

Congress would force acceptance of the ITC recommendation, so Ford might as well impose quotas and take the credit. The stainless-steel case is only the first of several that the President must resolve soon. By May 20, he must decide whether to raise tariffs sharply on imported shoes; by June 1, he must make a similar decision on stainless-steel flatware. Present prospects give no comfort to free-traders.

Get a Job?

would set a national goal of 3% unemployment for adults, to be reached within four years of enactment. The Government would be ordered to create jobs in public service and launch public works programs to achieve that end. The goal is noble, and drew support from such witnesses as Bishop James Rausch of the U.S. Catholic Conference, Murray Finley, president of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, and Newark Mayor Kenneth Gibson, speaking for the urban poor.

But it speedily became apparent that few of the witnesses had actually read the bill's 50 pages. The bill would put the nation much farther into the business of economic planning than it has ever gone. The President would be required every year to present a program to Congress that would set numerical goals for jobs, production and purchasing power, and tailor federal programs to achieve that end. Some parts of the bill also are internally inconsistent. One section would require the Government to spend as much as necessary—estimates range from a low of \$12 billion all the way to \$25 billion—to achieve a 3% unemployment rate. Another provision would require expenditures to

match the revenues that Washington would collect at that rate, which would imply spending less than the Government is doing now or boosting taxes sharply. Neither would be the way to create jobs.

Although no one pointed out that contradiction, witnesses brought up other problems. Frank Morris, president of the Federal Reserve Bank of Boston, noted that many economists believe unemployment cannot be pushed below 4.5% without sharply boosting inflation. "But inflation was virtually unmentioned. Main reason as the bill's more candid supporters admit, it would not be effective without wage and price controls—but they are anathema to labor unions. Significantly, Sar Levitan, director of the Center for Manpower Policy Studies at George Washington University, estimated at a previous hearing that to reach 3% unemployment in four years, national output of goods and services would have to grow at an annual rate of 7.5%." He added, "The nation has never achieved such a sustained high growth."

Inflation now seems to be subsiding. The consumer price index rose at an annual rate of only 12% in February, mainly because food prices dropped by 1%—the largest one-month decline in 20 years. That decline is scarcely likely to be repeated in coming months, but the smaller rise in living costs is nonetheless encouraging.

Alan Greenspan, chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers, made another telling point. "There are so many different types of unemployment that they require very different remedies." Other witnesses advanced special ideas. Reginald Jones, chairman of General Electric Co., commented that tax incentives to industry would go a long way toward cutting unemployment by encouraging businessmen to invest in job-creating expansion. Said Economist Robert Eisner of Northwestern University: "If you want to create more jobs, cut the payroll tax"—i.e. the Social Security tax. Since an employer pays part of the tax as a fixed percentage of each worker's wage, a reduction would allow him to put a new worker on the payroll at a smaller total wage-and-tax cost than at present. Arthur Burns, chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, once again accepted the idea that the Government should be the employer of last resort—"but at an unattractive wage." The nation will surely be listening to much more argument about the bill as the presidential campaign heats up. But the hearings on it demonstrated that though full employment is a goal everybody desires, there is nothing resembling a consensus on how to reach it.

Stroking Those Wild Beasts

What's in a name? Not much, the historian of art is bound to answer. Cubism was not about cubes, nor Fauvism about wild beasts. When in 1905 an affable critic looked round the Paris Salon d'Automne, which contained an Italianate bust surrounded by the paintings of Henri Matisse and his disciples, he made a wisecrack about "Donatello chez les fauves" (Donatello among the wild

beasts), this giving a short-lived movement a very durable and misleading label. Fauvism was worked out by a small group of artists over a span of three years; it was dead by 1907. It could coarsely be defined as what Matisse and France's Midi region did to half a dozen painters: to Maurice de Vlaminck and Andre Derain, to Raoul Dufy and Georges Braque, to Kees van Dongen and Henri Manguin.



FAUVE HENRI MATISSE'S REVOLUTIONARY *LUXE, CALME ET VOLUPTÉ* (1904-05). He invented the Mediterranean and celebrated pleasure everywhere.

beasts), thus giving a short-lived movement a very durable and misleading label. Fauvism was worked out by a small group of artists over a span of three years; it was dead by 1907. It could coarsely be defined as what Matisse and France's Midi region did to half a dozen painters: to Maurice de Vlaminck and Andre Derain, to Raoul Dufy and Georges Braque, to Kees van Dongen and Henri Manguin.

Raw Sensation. The textbook characteristics of Fauvism are familiar enough: the bright, dissonant color, the crude urgency of surface, the distorted drawing and the love of brisk, apparently raw sensation. But there was no unifying doctrine, as with surrealism, nor even a strong common practice, such as the cubists found. "One can talk about the impressionist school," the Dutchman Van Dongen later remarked, "because they held certain principles. For us there was nothing like that, we merely thought their colors were a bit dull."

Nevertheless, Fauvism (much

helped by its name) is conventionally taken as the first modern art movement—"modern" because scandalous to the bourgeois of 1905. Its explosive nature has been much strummed upon, but we do not see enough of the paintings themselves. How do they look now, 70 years later? A splendid exhibition at New York's Museum of Modern Art, sponsored by S.C.M. Corporation and the Na-

tional Endowment for the Arts, supplies the means to an answer. The museum's curator of painting and sculpture, John Elderfield, has assembled 114 works by 22 artists under the title "The Wild Beasts": Fauvism and Its Affinities. "The title is presumably ironic, since the last impression the MOMA wants to give is that Fauve painting might keep so much as an erg of its old offensive power. "To look again at these exquisitely decorative paintings," writes Elderfield in his admirable catalogue essay, "is to realize that the term Fauvism tells us hardly anything at all about the ambitions or concepts that inform Fauvist art. Wild Beasts seems the most unlikely of descriptions for these artists."

Those who still cling to a belief in the "revolutionary" powers of art will no doubt be irritated, but the appropriateness of Elderfield's approach is borne out by the very first room of the show, which holds two celebrated and once controversial Fauve paintings: Matisse's *Luxe, calme et volupté*, of 1904-05, and

Derain's *The Turning Road, L'Estaque* 1906. *Luxe* is a clumsily tender Arcadian idyll, the Isle of Cythera transferred to an as yet unpopular St.-Tropez, spatted with dots of neo-impressionist light. The painting is drenched in idealized wistfulness, even to the title, taken from Baudelaire's *L'Invitation au voyage*: "There, all is order and beauty. Luxury, calm and sensuous pleasure." No effort can restore its lost shock value, and this, in a different way, is true of the Derain as well. Today we luxuriate in its weighty design and audacious color, the blaring vermilion tree trunks, the complex blues in the caves of shadow, the pyrotechnics of green and yellow in the foliage. One moves into the work without strain; it is not an Arcadia, but a place well removed from the realities of industrial and urban Europe.

Tricolors and Parasols. This simple optimism, underlying the aggressive color, is the main difference between Fauvism and expressionism. Everywhere one turns in this show, pleasure is celebrated: the *tricolors* and red, white and blue *parasols* in Raoul Dufy's street scenes, the rosy theatrical vigor of Van Dongen's scene of a couple outside a brothel, *The Hussar* (Liverpool Night House), 1906, the slapdash but infectious ebullience of Vlaminck's still lifes. The best sight of all, though, is Matisse inventing the Mediterranean, it is amazing to find how deeply one's images of that coast have been marked by Matisse's agaves and olives, his lion-colored headlands and glimpses of pink water and red masts beyond a balcony.

The liberation of color achieved by the Fauves was of large but finite consequence. Fauvism was not a style that could be developed. The phlegmatic Georges Braque observed, "You can't remain forever in a state of paroxysm." Soon the swollen contours and lush colors of paintings like Braque's *Still Life with Pitchers*, 1906, would give way to the austere lines of cubism. The demands of more legible structure and more complicated feeling drew Matisse away from the style he had largely invented. As Elderfield notes in the catalogue, "Matisse's ideal voluptuous world only fully emerged when Fauvism had ended, and could only be created by renouncing that part of it he felt to be excessive."

After 1908 Derain pruned his color to achieve more weighty and old-masterly effects, and was never to regain the same energy. Vlaminck plummeted into coarse self-parody. Dufy tended more and more to crank out pretty little furniture-pictures, and Van Dongen simply fell apart, becoming—in his meaningless virtuosity and appeal to café society—an Andy Warhol with red corpuses. The brief moment of Fauvism was over, naturally, since it was synonymous with youth itself.

Robert Hughes



Georges Braque's "Still Life with Pitchers," 1906

André Derain's "The Turning Road, L'Estaque," 1906



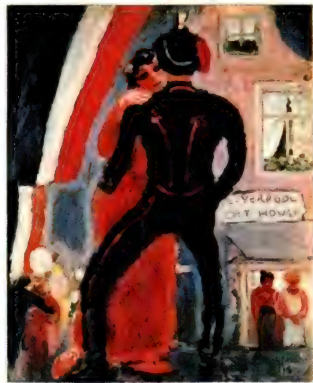


Maurice de Vlaminck's "Still Life," 1905

Maurice de Vlaminck's "Flowers," 1906-07



Van Dongen's "Hussard (Liverpool Night House)," 1906



Rubinstein at 89

"Isn't it so, Nela?"

It was the day after one of the most remarkable recitals in the long history of New York's Carnegie Hall. Even so gingerly Pianist Artur Rubinstein—at 89, four years older than Carnegie—was blowing his own horn. The huge hands the can span a twelfth, which is an octave plus four white notes were spread imploringly on the table. The gray-blue eyes gazed boyishly across the hotel room where his wife of 43 years, Aniela, his Nela, was reading on the sofa. In the inquiring way that some husbands have with wives they depend on, he was at once asking for confirmation and for permission to boast.

Nela: "What is it, darling?"

Artur: "I am saying that yesterday I play fewer wrong notes."

Nela: "Fewer."

Artur: "fewer wrong notes with-out eyes than I used to play with my big, big eyes wide open. Eh?"

Nela: "Possibly."

At this, Artur roars with laughter.

Nela: "I didn't count them."

Artur roars louder.

Nela: "I was ready with a basket to catch them."

Artur's face is now on the table, his shoulders shaking with glee.

There has never been much that could get Rubinstein down for long. He goes on despite the fact that he can no longer see well enough to read a note of music or see the keys beneath his fingers. Age has been weakening his eyes in recent years, and for the last four months he has had only peripheral vision. He can see his wife's scarf by looking at her nose, but the center of his field of vision is a dark, impenetrable cloud. The prospects of his learning new music are nil. "I must rely entirely on my memory," he says. Fortunately that memory is photographic and still in focus.

A passionate reader who sensed what was to come, Rubinstein last year went through all of Proust and Joyce's *Ulysses* ("By Jove, I had it, didn't I?"). He says his eye condition cannot be cured by surgery. "It is final, you see. But I am an optimist. I love life tremendously. I think to myself, what will I do with my time?"

He has found a solution, which he recounted last week to *TIME* Music Critic William Bender and Researcher Nancy Newman. "I was always lazy to practice the piano. I loathed it all my life, and somehow by miracle I got away with it, without it. But now I practice more than ever before."

It shows. There was a time a few seasons back when Rubinstein was hitting so many clinkers that a basket would have been useful. Last week in Car-

negie Hall he played Beethoven's *Sonata No. 18 in E flat* with the same lithe rhythms and robust tone that brought him fame in the first place. He played a Chopin group—four of the *Preludes*, Op. 28, the *Scherzo in B flat minor*, Op. 31—as though he, Rubinstein, had invented rubato and the triplet. But most of all, he played Schumann's *Carnaval*, that paradigm of whimsy and frolic, as if only old age could understand the joy of being young. Cheered on by a sold-out audience, Rubinstein behaved all evening like a man who could not believe he had been given the marvelous present of playing in Carnegie Hall, where, in fact, he first played in 1906. At the end, he raised his hand and said, "For 40 years I came every year. You listened with marvelous affection for me. I love you."

Bitter Mood. Another love is the former Aniela Mlynarski. Though 22 years his junior when they were married in 1932, she transformed her husband from a playboy pianist into a great virtuoso. Recalls he: "I said to myself, no, I will never stand for it that people should say to my wife, 'Oh, if your husband had worked a little more he might have been quite a good pianist.'" Yet that is really when Rubinstein became Rubinstein.

Today he and Nela live quietly in their own house in the fashionable 16th *arrondissement* in Paris. He is justifiably proud these days of a sparkling new set (his third) of the complete Beethoven *Piano Concertos*, made last year in London. Accompanying him is the London Philharmonic under Pianist-Conductor Daniel Barenboim. 33. "I saw Barenboim from birth. Before even. His mother showed me that she's going to have a child. She said 'If he's a boy, I want him to be a pianist like you.'" The young have a way of inspiring Rubinstein. The day of his Carnegie Hall recital, he was grumbling about his piano ("I was in a bitter mood. I thought I chose the wrong

one"). Then his younger daughter Alina arrived and told him how eager she was to hear his *Carnaval*. "I thought, even if it's only for her, I will play everything out, and I did."

Contemplating the uncertain days ahead, Rubinstein says: "You take life as it is and you don't complain." He does not believe in God. If there is a hereafter, "I will be pleasantly surprised. When I was a little boy I wanted to see God," he recalls. "Moses had seen him. I was a good little boy. I begged him to come. He didn't and I think he was wrong."

Now Rubinstein is more philosophical. "Contrast makes everything alive. You know sadness only when you have been gay, and you know happiness only if you have been unhappy. Otherwise things become boring." But then Rubinstein would not know about that.

TAKING BOWS AT CARNEGIE HALL



RUBINSTEIN MUGGING NEXT TO BUST OF HIMSELF OFFSTAGE AT CARNEGIE HALL



Most of the time, Washington *Post* Executive Editor Benjamin C. Bradlee is a lean, tough, profane newsmen. He directed his paper's contribution to exposing Watergate, the great political scandal, the constitutional crisis that brought down Richard Nixon. But just now Ben Bradlee is star-struck. He has seen *All the President's Men*, a new \$8.5 million film about Watergate, the *Post* and Carl Bernstein and Bob Woodward, the two young reporters whom Bradlee had guided and frequently defended.

"It took me a long time in the movie before I could even hear what anyone was saying," he said breathlessly after seeing a prerelease screening. "The set was just stunning." The main set is the vast, gloaming city room just outside Bradlee's sleek, glass-walled office: Warner Bros. spent \$450,000 to recreate it, right down to the wastebaskets, on their Burbank, Calif., lot, then they had real Washington *Post* trash shipped west to fill those baskets. The stars were pretty stunning too. Bradlee's young

ington almost four decades ago. There must have been some temptation to use that appealing film as a model, turning Woodward and Bernstein into updated Jimmy Stewarts—naïve, idealistic, full of puff about democratic ideals.

Of course it is impossible to have a couple of \$200-a-week legmen impersonated by million-dollar movie stars, their images blown up to gigantic proportions on the nation's screens, without a certain amount of inevitable idealization taking place, both of the models and their trade. But, as Ben Bradlee has observed, "the irony of Watergate is that Richard Nixon made us all famous—the people he most despised. He made us mini-household words, and in the case of Woodward and Bernstein, real folk heroes." (Well, sort of.) The moviemakers were particularly on guard against showing the "Woodstein team," as they came to be known in Washington, as anything other than what they were—hungry reporters desperately eager for a break. But the film will augment what they have since become: very rich reporters



Watergate on Film

COVER STORY

charges were transformed into gorgeous Robert Redford and sexy Dustin Hoffman. Jason Robards, playing Bradlee, just about ran away with the movie. Robards played him larger-than-life, carrying the reputation of his paper and the fate of the nation on his well-tailored shoulders with almost too much in the way of casual bravado; but then Bradlee plays himself that way sometimes. "I did just great!" cried Bradlee afterward. "I don't know how to say it."

Bradlee's elation is understandable, and not just because very few people get to see glorifications of themselves by one of America's finest actors. *All the President's Men* had every prospect of failing big. Since work began on it three years ago, it has been, as its screenwriter of record, William Goldman, says, "the biggest gossip picture since *The Godfather*." There was hazard, if not a touch of hubris, in turning a national trauma into a mere movie—and so quickly too. The film would be released before the nation's emotions had dried into something like a sober historical perspective. Moreover, the driving force behind the project was not an intellectually favored film maker of international repute—a Bertolucci or a Costa-Gavras. Instead it was Redford, a performer whose impeccable box office credentials are based largely on the fact that he is so damnable adorable.

Skeptics pointed out the conventional wisdom: no American political film has made money since *Mr. Smith Goes to Wash-*

ington in the anomalous and, for most newsmen, disquieting position of being more famous than many of their sources.

Its thoughtful respect for reality is the reason why the film, which opens in 200 theaters on April 7, qualifies as the latest in a long line of pictures they said could never be made—or at least made correctly—but which somehow came out all right in the end. The movie is very nearly a dramatized documentary. It covers only about three-fifths of the book, ending with Nixon's 1972 inauguration. It is emphatically not *The Front Page*; there is no shouting about stopping the presses, no pulling phones out of walls. The word scoop is not used once, and that perhaps best suggests the film's restraint.

The plot is necessarily familiar. Routinely assigned to a minor crime story, a break-in at the Democratic National Committee Headquarters in the Watergate complex one night in June 1972, Woodward and Bernstein soon find they have landed the assignment of the century. Cross-checking lists of G.O.P. contributors, rosters of election staffers, knocking on doors, endlessly working the phones, getting sepulchral guidance from Woodward's source "Deep Throat" or open aid from a repentant official like Hugh Sloan Jr., the pair begin to run the chain of criminal responsibility for Watergate higher and higher into the Nixon organization. The film stops well before the

CINEMA

link to Nixon himself is established, leaving an odd sense of unfinished history. Unlike the book, the movie gives the impression that in all journalism only the *Post's* investigative reporters were working to expose Watergate. It also runs the risk of taking the role of the press, while crucial, almost too seriously.

Redford saw in Watergate the possibilities of a film while Woodward and Bernstein were still churning out daily stories. He introduced himself to the pair and got to know them before they were well into their book; Woodward credits him with influencing their work. Redford chose the basic elements that compose the movie package and is therefore responsible not only for most of the problems the movie encountered in production, but for the solutions that had to be devised for them: it is Redford's sensibility—not deep, but interestingly complex in its blend of coolness and caring—that is clearly reflected in the finished film.

Redford's interest in Watergate began when he heard a group of reporters discussing the bungled break-in. Ironically they were covering the actor's promo tour for *The Candidate*. They all thought Nixon had probably known about it and that no one—least of all their fellow newsmen—would ever pursue the matter far enough to confirm or deny their suspicions.

Redford was shocked. "I've always had a very low regard for cynicism; I think it is the beginning of dying." He had a less philosophical reason for focusing on the burglary. Back home in Van Nuys, Calif., when Redford, then 13, had won a tennis tournament, Senator Richard Nixon had awarded him the trophy. Young Bob was not impressed: "I thought, what a non-person! This fake human!"

As the Watergate case slowly built, Redford noted two particularly interesting reporters among those plugging away at the story. When he read brief biographies of Woodward and Bern-

SCENES FROM ALL THE PRESIDENT'S MEN. OPPOSITE PAGE: THE FIVE BURGLARS; OPENING: THE TARED DOOR AT THE WATERGATE. THIS PAGE (TOP TO BOTTOM): HOFFMAN & REDFORD WORK AT THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS; THEY INTERVIEW JANE ALEXANDER; HOFFMAN ON THE MOVE; REDFORD WITH HAL HOLBROOK ("DEEP THROAT")



DUSTIN HOFFMAN & ROBERT REDFORD IN THE WARNER BROS. CITY ROOM; BOB WOODWARD & CARL BERNSTEIN AT THE POST



stein he was fascinated by the odd-couple quality of their pairing—a Wasp and a Jew, one cool and controlled, the other more voluble and volatile. Characteristically—he is a man much more interested in people than in ideas—"that was the first time I saw the potential film." He adds "I remember thinking, 'This is very interesting, a study in opposing characters and how they work together. I'm really fascinated by how people do things.'"

But it was when the Woodstein team appeared to be doing things wrong that Redford got in touch with them. *The Post* had claimed that H.R. Haldeman had been named in grand jury testimony as one of the controllers of the Watergate dirty-tricks fund. He had not been named before the grand jury, thus allowing the White House to cast doubt on the accuracy of everything Woodward and Bernstein had reported. "I wanted to see them when they had bottomed out," says Redford. "People who take wild shots and miss interest me."

The fact that Woodward and Bernstein interested him most when they looked most as if they were going to be losers is an expression of Redford's trust—or at least oldest—self. Approaching 40, he may currently be the world's ranking movie star. He, his wife Lola and their three children jet back and forth between their Fifth Avenue apartment and their retreat outside Provo, Utah, near the ski resort he owns and where he revels in his role as conservationist and spokesman for various good causes.

But it was not always that way. Los Angeles-born and middle-class bred, Redford was a college dropout and, for a time, a quick takeoff artist, bombing the interstates and bumming his way around Europe, vaguely thinking of becoming an artist. Some of his friends were convinced that he would never find himself, would wind up a loser, and Redford remains fascinated by the type. Since Woodward and Bernstein could possibly be seen as anti-Establishment goads, that also probably drew him to them. In short, he may have become a Goliath in his trade, but his heart belongs to the Davids.

Redford bought the movie rights for \$450,000. He began work by affixing himself to the *Post* city room, particularly to Woodward and Bernstein. "I fell in love with the *Post*," he says. "I felt these people really did lead a different life. I saw all the leads that Bob and Carl couldn't go with. It was such fat, juicy stuff." He won the confidence of Bradlee and most of the paper's other executives, with the exception of Publisher Katharine Graham, who remained wary of the whole project.

To write the script he hired William Goldman, a longtime crony and writer of the film that made Redford a superstar, *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*. His work was apparently both very good and very bad. He licked the narration problems posed by the book, carving a straight, simple dramatic line. But he also put heavy emphasis on crude news-

room humor. Bernstein was quoted as saying that the script read like a Henny Youngman jokebook. Another reporter retitled it *Butch and Sundance Bring Down the Government*, while Bradlee recalls it as "a caricature of us—tough-guy reporters."

The *Post* nearly backed out of the project then, and Bradlee was blunt with Redford. "Just remember, pal," he said, "that you go off and ride a horse or jump in the sack with some good-looking woman in your next film—but I am forever an asshole." Redford was impressed. "I've met few people who were as conscious of their position—and how to keep it." He did his best to make amends with the *Post* people. "Redford kept talking about trust," Bradlee recalls. "He kept saying, 'You've got to trust us.' We didn't understand that. We were thinking, 'Why the hell should we trust Robert Redford? Why should we turn our reputations over to him?'"

Redford was also disappointed by the script. It lacked details and substance on the matter that had come to interest him most—the newsgathering process. At this point, Bernstein took a crack at rewriting the script, but that, too, proved a mistake. Bernstein apparently built up his image as the more swinging member of the Woodstein team. "Carl," Redford told him, "Errol Flynn is dead." Thereafter, as Bernstein puts it, "Redford got on the script in a concentrated way." He squeezed a couple more revisions out of the miffed Goldman, who was eager to get on with adapting his *Marathon Man* novel for the screen. Yet another writer was brought in for a polish job, though the script remained a problem. A lot of what is on the screen now was finally improvised by the actors and Director Alan Pakula on the set—with Redford calling Washington five or six times a day, according to colleagues, to check these changes for accuracy with "the boys."

Goldman's script did serve one important function. It was

MARTIN BALSAM (LEFT) PLAYS *POST* MANAGING EDITOR HOWARD SIMONS



good enough to use as a recruiting device for Dustin Hoffman, whom Redford wanted to play Bernstein. Says Hoffman, "I was amazed Goldman had cracked the narrative problem. I had doubts until then that you could make a movie out of the book." He saw that problems remained, especially in the characterizations. But he signed on, provided that he could share director approval with Redford.

The man they settled on was Alan Pakula, who had just come off another study in American political paranoia, *The Parallax View*, but whose work on *Kluge* was what had really impressed both actors. They felt he had done an excellent job in building by visual means menace and tension into a script that had lacked those qualities. "If our project was to succeed, we'd need the same kind of tension," Hoffman remembers thinking. He adds, "Bob liked him because he felt he wouldn't

putting it in front of the camera. Then his habit is to insist on endless retakes, covering every nuance his actors develop as they rework a scene, giving himself every imaginable option once he takes the film into the cutting room. Redford is an actor who does not find a character through ratiocination or conversation, but rather by getting as quickly as possible into action and seeing where his instincts lead him. He also fears the loss of spontaneity that comes with excessive repetition. "I kept thinking, 'Let's get it over with,'" Redford remembers.

Then, too, he was the senior officer present on the set, the man charged with keeping the picture on schedule and on budget. Part of me had to be the responsible producer and part of me wanted to be creatively indulgent as an actor. Those parts were always at war. It was a war, as it turned out, which he could not win on either front. Pakula could not be forced to speed his pace, perhaps in part because Hoffman liked talk and retakes too, and inevitably the picture fell behind. In the end it was 35 days over schedule and \$3.5 million over budget.

The principals—Robards, Jack Warden, who played Metro editor Harry Rosenfeld, and Martin Balsam, who played Managing Editor Howard Simons—had to be present on the set every day because Pakula had decided to shoot the city-room sequences in "deep focus." This meant that even when these players did not have any lines, they were visible in the background of most scenes. They coped as cheerfully as they could with the situation. Robards would often simply retire to "his"—that is, Bradlee's—office and read the books that had presumably helped shape the character of the man he was playing, needless to say. Bradlee's office library had been duplicated on the set. Sometimes he would write letters to his children on *Post* stationery, with which his lair was also plentifully supplied. A convivial man, Robards also passed time swapping jokes with Balsam and Warden, or speculating on the real identity of Deep Throat. At one point they all concluded that he was doubtless a she—possibly Rose Mary Woods or a fed-up Pat Nixon.



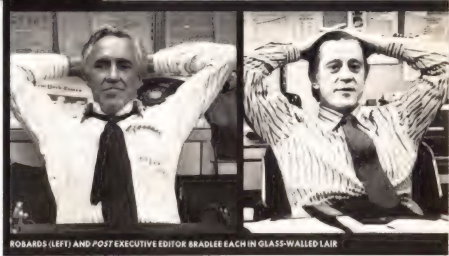
STEPHEN COLLINS (LEFT) AS NIXON COMMITTEE MEMBER HUGH SLOAN

jump on a liberal bandwagon. Redford saw the film as a detective story, not as a polemic against Nixon."

All three now returned to the *Post* for further observation of its people and its workings. The hassle over the first-draft script had worked a subtle change in the atmosphere; there was a new wariness in the relationship between the moviemakers and the newspapermen. Hoffman was particularly distressed. At one point he marched on Redford, crying, "Screw it. Let's fictionalize it. I just hate the attitudes around here. Everybody will know what paper we're really representing. What's the difference?" Redford, too, was unhappy. "The ambivalence of the *Post* drove me nuts," he recalls. He also feels that something valuable emerged from this time of tension, a restoration of his objectivity. He now says, "I felt it was important to fall out of love with the *Post* too."

Much as he respected Hoffman ("One of the joys of the movie was working with Dustin; he has one of the most wonderful acting minds I've ever worked with"), he disagreed with him about the advisability of fictionalizing the film. He and Pakula were convinced that documentary-like realism was essential to the picture, that they had to develop what Pakula calls "an immediacy, a sense of being there," that would replace conventional melodrama as a means of sustaining interest. He also felt this attention to workaday detail would protect against the picture's "overwhelming potential for pretentiousness."

This shared obsession is probably responsible for sustaining the relationship between Redford and Pakula through the strains that were to develop after shooting began. Pakula is a painstaking director, capable of talking out a scene for hours before



ROBARDS (LEFT) AND *POST* EXECUTIVE EDITOR BRADLEE EACH IN GLASS-WALLED LAIR

The question is, after all the pain and bad feelings, was it worth it? The answer is yes, and one reason for that answer is Redford. If he was never completely satisfied with any of his co-workers' contributions, he turned out to be a shrewd editor of their work, choosing from their offerings that which fitted—and expanded—his original conception of the film. He realized, for example, that Goldman was not entirely wrong when he perceived at the outset that the film required a leavening note of newspaper humor and camaraderie. The journalistic world is one where power asserts itself in human terms—with a joke or an epithet. It is also one where the troops can express their mildly humorous feelings in a similarly easy manner. It seems to invite the visual treatment Pakula employed in the newsroom sequences, which is bright, open, healthy. That, in turn, makes

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even more vivid the sequences in which Pakula exercises his special gift for suggesting menace through indirect visual statement. When the reporters leave their oasis of light to pursue their investigations, Washington—that city of broad avenues and vistas—becomes, as Pakula visualizes it, a dark and scary place. Its great public buildings loom up suddenly and oppressively out of the shadows, dominating, seeming to threaten the tiny figures of the ever-hustling newsmen. When, finally, they begin to penetrate the homes of potential informants, the material the reporters seek comes haltingly, fearfully, from people who, even in familiar surroundings, seek to shelter themselves in dimness. It is only when their sources begin to open up, to find release in confession, that they begin to be seen in full and, literally, sympathetic light. In these moments one knows that Redford has given his director free rein, confident that good would come of it.

Even the painstaking habits that annoyed Redford on the set must seem worthwhile now. The director has patiently sought out the inner dynamics of the film's many short scenes involving characters who have no lasting relationship with Woodward and Bernstein or anyone else in the film. His ability to find

had "constant hassles with actors who were awed by the subject of the film and thought in an ideological frenzy they had to give it all they had. I've never seen so many experienced professionals overacting in my life." Redford is probably entitled to credit for submerging his actor's ego beneath his producer's needs and playing, as does Dustin Hoffman, as part of an ensemble.

In his own way, Hoffman is just as essential to the film as Redford; partly because he plays the more interesting character, his performance may well be more vividly remembered. At 38, Hoffman is the best character lead in the business; it seems impossible to imagine anyone else as Carl Bernstein. On the set Hoffman is a tough, uncompromising craftsman. Pakula's crab-like approach to film making, which so unnerved Redford, was just fine with Hoffman, who thrives on improvisation. "I fight like hell with my directors," he says, "but this was a relatively pleasant experience."

As a child in Los Angeles, Hoffman studied to be a concert pianist but dropped the idea fast when he discovered the fun of acting classes. It is nearly a decade since he became an overnight star in *The Graduate*; he now gets \$750,000 a picture. He and

his wife, Ballet Dancer Anne Byrne, live in New York City. Says he: "If you stay in Beverly Hills too long you become a Mercedes." He is extravagantly proud of his wife, who stopped dancing to have two children, but who is now "making a comeback second only to Muhammad Ali." He concludes, "She is the toughest of the tough of the tough."

Bradlee, of course, was right in asking why journalists should entrust their reputations to actors. Hoffman and Redford are in their own world, with their wives, children, horses, other movies, other causes. *The Post* and its people stay behind in the daily world of newspapering. What happens to a couple of reporters when they become celebrities? What happens to a newspaper when it becomes a legend? In the hothouse atmosphere of Washington, there are gusts of jealousy and predictions of trouble: too much self-satisfaction, it is muttered of the *Post*, too much success. News-men and newspapers, goes one rather convincing theory, should stay out of the limelight, should remain a little insecure and run scared to do their job well.

Trying to live up to its legend could well hurt the *Post*. But so far, it is still a first-rate paper, though there is no doubt that it misses the excitement and the unifying cause of Watergate. As for Woodward and Bernstein, despite their new riches, they remain *Post* employees; their life-styles are a lot more comfortable but essentially unchanged from the days before their fame. Friends report no apparent danger that either is about to indulge in celebrity carryings-on. Indeed, they have spent the last year working at their trade, reporting the death throes of the Administration they were instrumental in bringing down. Their new book, *The Final Days*, to be published by Simon & Schuster (see box), is already an assured commercial success and, their agent believes, a cinch to set a new record for a paperback sale. They remain leaders of the Watergate industry they helped to found with their revelations. They are competing now with other reportage and memoirs, even novels (John Ehrlichman is about to publish one) by the people they helped to drive out of public office.

Meanwhile, *All the President's Men* is being judged by some tough audiences. It has already succeeded with the once suspicious *Post* crowd. Says Woodward: "The film taught me something about my business—seeing how they treated it and how they cared for it. The movie's not just pretty damned true, it is true. I just think, if reporters see it, they'll say, 'This is how we do it.'" Adds Bernstein: "They did a spectacular reporting job



DIRECTOR ALAN PAKULA & CAMERAMAN GORDON WILLIS PLOT OUT A SCENE

drama in the way a cup of coffee is handled, in the briefest play of emotions across the troubled face of a reluctant informer, is remarkable and invaluable in preventing the film from being no more than a historical record, a documentary in the dullest sense of the term. In fact, the entire Woodward-Bernstein relationship is built up not in the script (where Redford ordered it played down in favor of showing their procedures) but through fleeting exchanges of glances and gestures caught, as it were, out of the corner of an alert camera's eye. Even so, the failure to explore their relationship with more fully dramatized incidents, good sharp verbal exchanges, is a major flaw, giving the picture a certain coldness at its center.

In compensation, Pakula has developed a series of incisive actors' moments that to a degree belie Hoffman's contention that this is not "an actor's film." Hal Holbrook is brilliant as Deep Throat, giving him an arrogance and condescension that make that famous nonperson's behavior explicable. So is Jane Alexander as the edgy mouse of a bookkeeper whom Bernstein persuades to talk about the slush fund at the Committee for the Re-Election of the President. Penny Fuller and Lindsay Anne Crouse appear as newspaperwomen who help out with leads at key moments—the former dizzily, the latter with touching reluctance to betray a lost love.

Pakula is not unwilling to take credit. He observes that he

A full-page photograph of a cowboy riding a dark brown horse. The cowboy is wearing a light-colored cowboy hat, a brown long-sleeved shirt, and chaps. He is holding a lasso in his right hand, which is raised. A cigarette is in his mouth. The horse is facing right. The background is a blurred landscape with green trees and reddish-brown ground.

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to do this movie. Good reporters get their sources to trust them, and that's what they did with us."

Last week Redford showed the movie to a few politicians and a group of Boston journalists who had served as sources during the preproduction phase. Mayor Kevin White proclaimed: "That film is going to have an effect on the election. That film is powerful." Boston *Globe* Editor Tom Winship rose at an after-dinner screening to toast Redford as "a fine reporter and a good street man."

The praise is generous, perhaps too much so. *All the President's Men* may be seen by many as an ego trip—the era's leading movie personality discovering that the only subject big enough for him is the era's most significant public event and latching on to it. Hoffman recently went to see the film version of James Whitmore's one-man show *Give 'Em Hell, Harry* and reports the audience cheered when Harry Truman stepped right up and called Richard Nixon "a lying son-of-a-bitch." He argued on the set that *All the President's Men* could have used one such uncool and cathartic moment, a moment when all the emotion it so carefully suppresses is allowed to burst through. Yet that moment's

absence should not mar what must be a triumphant moment for Redford. For the first time he has fully mobilized all the forces within him "to let the bear out," as he once put it. That the end product so closely reflects his first vision of the film is a tribute to what a friend calls his "bulldog tenacity" in bending many wills to his own. "He supposedly has the world by the tail," observes Hal Holbrook, "but most people who have the world by the tail don't swing it quite so heavily or quite so publicly. I respect him for that, for taking that risk." It seems probable that a large number of people who know him less well will come to feel the same way after they have seen *All the President's Men*.

Perhaps the greatest risk involves the public, with its skeptical attitude toward the press and (in a different sense) toward Hollywood, both forces that shape American reality. Is the press, as seen through Watergate, by and large telling the truth about America? Is Hollywood telling the truth about the press? And do both deserve praise for it? Those are among the questions that Redford, perhaps not deliberately, raises with his remarkable movie. His own answer is obviously yes—and he is asking a huge audience to agree with him.

And Now, for the Next Movie...

The unfinished story that Woodward and Bernstein told in *All the President's Men* is about to be continued. Next month Simon & Schuster will publish their second collaborative effort, *The Final Days*, an account of the ending of Richard Nixon's presidency. The two reporters received a \$300,000 advance for the work, which is a May Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

According to reports from those familiar with the book, *The Final Days* is an extraordinarily detailed portrait of the collapse of the former President. Woodward and Bernstein state that Nixon took to drinking in the afternoon in his little hideaway in the Executive Office Building. His appointments became fewer and his office hours more erratic as his control of Government slipped away. There were days when he did not come over from the mansion until noon. Once, almost at the end, he was heard saying "Goodbye" to the portraits of his predecessors on the White House walls. He cried as Secretary of State Henry Kissinger held his arm and assured him that his great deeds in foreign affairs would survive the upheaval. Close to the end, he broke down and asked Kissinger to join him on his knees in the little office just off the Oval. "You are not a very orthodox Jew and I am not an orthodox Quaker, but we need to pray," said the despairing President. Kissinger prayed, although he often sneered at Nixon behind his back and sometimes concealed his loathing only with difficulty when they were together. Privately, Kissinger referred to Nixon as "our meatball President."

Nixon's family was deeply alarmed by his visible deterioration. David Eisenhower was afraid that his father-in-law might go mad. He knew how tense and brittle the President was, and feared that his reason could not survive the harsh and total withdrawal of the public's favor.

The drinking became a big problem in July 1974. For years, Nixon's aides had known that he had a very low tolerance for alcohol. Yet he began to drink heavily as he sat for hours, usually in the afternoon, in that little office he liked so much across East Executive Avenue.

Sometimes alone, sometimes with the comforting presence of Press Secretary Ron Ziegler. He grew even moodier than usual, even more withdrawn and indecisive. As his schedule grew more and more erratic, General Alexander

Haig, the White House chief of staff, instructed Presidential Aide Steve Bull to stop recording the precise times of Nixon's movements.

The yacht *Sequana* became Nixon's favorite refuge as his prospects blackened; his enemies could be left behind as he headed down the Potomac. Perhaps that is why the President was so enraged when he found the hated newsmen and photographers waiting at the Anacostia River dock when he drove up and when he sailed back in. "Get the goddam press out of here," he would say. He wondered out loud to David Eisenhower whether the Navy could not give him another berth for his boat. David sought to calm him. He told him the way to avoid the press was to stay a long time on the river, and Nixon followed the advice.

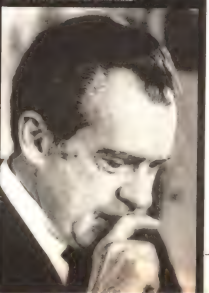
Ziegler was one of the few close advisers and confidants left to Nixon in his agony. But when the press secretary came to the boss, he was usually bearing bad tidings: the press was demanding to know this or that, impeachment seemed more imminent at the Capitol. "Get out! Get out!" Nixon was heard screaming at his chief spokesman one day. But the next day they sat together as though nothing had occurred.

Ziegler's credibility was one of the first casualties of Watergate. In the Administration's last month, White House staffers began plotting to ease him out and bring someone else in. The most desirable possible replacement was Hugh Morrow, the longtime press aide of New York Governor Nelson Rockefeller.

Haig made a pitch to Morrow to become White House "Communications Director," with Cabinet status. Nixon's pal Bebe Rebozo even sent a private jet to New York to pick up Morrow and fly him to Key Biscayne for a discussion with Haig and others. The idea was to ease Ziegler into a position at the U.S. Information Agency. Like so many other desperate plans that were considered in the dying days of Nixon's presidency, it came to nothing.

Just before the resignation, the President called in his court photographer, Ollie Atkins, to make a last set of photographs of the family. Everyone was there: the First Couple, the daughters, David Eisenhower, Eddie Cox. "I'm always glad to see you, Ollie, but not this time," Pat Nixon said sadly as the President brought in the photographer. Atkins had to keep shooting a long time before he got a picture in which tears did not show on any of the faces.

NIXON'S WHITE HOUSE FAREWELL



Urban Survival Manuals

Who are the top tennis teachers in Los Angeles? What is the gay community like in Washington, D.C.? Who is the best sportswriter in Texas? Is Chicago's drinking water polluted?

All of these questions have something in common. They are asked—and answered—by a lively gaggle of publications known as city magazines, a diverse, eclectic and sometimes unruly group of enterprises to crowd under one rubric. But most, whatever else they do, aspire to be urban survival manuals, guiding their readers toward the best that city life has to offer while warning them away from its pitfalls and dangers. The genre is by and large prospering while magazines in general lost advertising pages in 1975, city magazines as a group increased their ads by some 1,100 pages over 1974, a gain of more than 10%. In fact, four of the five U.S. monthlies with the fastest growing advertising volume are city magazines.

Most of the successful city magazines have borrowed—some of them heavily—from the graphics, format and trendy chic of *New York* (circ. 364,000): the pacesetter weekly first published as an independent magazine by Clay Felker in 1967. (Felker had been its editor in an earlier and simpler incarnation, when it was a Sunday supplement of the now defunct *New York Herald-Tribune*.) Regular features akin to Felker's "The Underground Gourmet" (budget-minded restaurant reviews) and "The Passionate Shopper" are staple fare, and *New York's* penchant for parlor-game lists ("The Ten Worst Judges," "The 100 Greatest Freebies in Town") has been widely copied. Unlike *New York*, which often ranges afield to cover events of national interest (last week's cover story was a profile of Jimmy Carter), other city magazines—all of them monthlies—generally confine their efforts to local stories. Among the best:

► **Texas Monthly** (circ. 185,000), based in Austin, is a city magazine that covers an entire state with an enthusiasm that reflects the youth of publisher Michael Levy, 29, and Editor William Broyles, 31. Levy, a Wharton School of business graduate who had practically no journalism experience before starting *Texas Monthly*, gave up the idea of confining a magazine to Houston or Dallas because neither city seemed likely to provide a circulation of 100,000—the minimum he felt he needed to succeed. Instead, three years ago, he started a magazine that would appeal to urban dwellers anywhere in the state. "We like to think we're writing about things that

never would have been written about if we hadn't been here," says Editor Broyles, a onetime writer for the British weekly *Economist*. He may well be right. *Texas Monthly* has boldly attacked Dallas banking institutions, Houston law firms, airport safety and that most sacred of cows, college football. *Texas Monthly* has lacked originality and punch in its graphics, but it has become an articulate voice for the rising urban consciousness in the third most populous state in the Union.

► **Chicago** (circ. 140,000) began life 24 years ago as *Chicago Guide*, a supermarket giveaway that listed radio programs of the city's classical music station, WMT. In 1971, Publisher Raymond Nordstrand, 43, who came to *Chicago* from WMT (he is still its station manager), decided to add articles and start selling the magazine to the public. Since then it has become one of the fastest books in the country. Today, a typical 230-page issue carries more than 100 pages of advertising. Last year Nordstrand dropped the "Guide" from *Chicago's* title. But on the inside, *Chicago* is still mostly a gray, though useful, landscape of listings that includes in a typical issue an index guide to 1,000-plus local events, critiques of nearly 80 films, as well as WMT radio and public TV listings. *Chicago* runs occasional pieces of fiction and articles that cover everything from the Mafia to houseplants in a style that one reader describes as "funky, chic lakeside journalism."

► **Philadelphia** (circ. 122,000) has no peers among city magazines in investigative reporting. Among the imaginatively illustrated magazine's bigger muckraking scoops: the revelation that a Philadelphia *Inquirer* reporter was blackmailing banks and businesses by threatening to give them bad publicity (the reporter was suspended from the *Inquirer* and eventually convicted), and an expose detailing how local politicians had fouled up Philadelphia's Bicentennial celebration by mismanaging funds (as a result, the city restored to the welfare fund \$500,000 that it had earlier diverted to the Bicentennial). *Philadelphia's* success is due to the unwavering localism of Publisher Herbert Lipson, 46, who was a charter member of a booster organization, Action Philadelphia, before taking *Philadelphia* over from his father in 1961. "We wouldn't do a piece on Jerry Ford," he says, "unless it turned out he was born in Philadelphia."

► **Los Angeles** (circ. 100,000), now owned by a medical-book publisher, was once eagerly sought by *New York's* Felker. *Los Angeles* has developed over the past 15 years into a smooth, narrow-foc-

Chicago, *Los Angeles*, *The Washingtonian* and *Cleveland*. The fifth is *Smithsonian* magazine.

cus magazine that is deliberately pre-occupied with helping its readers to "get the good life together" and, like many of its affluent readers, only mildly concerned with Los Angeles politics and problems. "City government is just not a spectator sport here as it is in other cities," explains Editor Geoff Miller, 39, who joined *Los Angeles* shortly after graduating from U.C.L.A. The sport in Los Angeles is leisure, and the magazine helps its readers play by publishing lists of 52 suggested weekend trips (an annual feature), guides to public tennis courts and 31 ways to keep the kids busy in August. Miller insists he is not worried about New York look-alike *New West*, a Feltner bi-weekly that begins publication next month in Los Angeles. He takes comfort in the fact that *New West* is aiming at a slightly younger, less well-off audience.

► **The Washingtonian** (circ. 64,000) is an urbane and witty ten-year-old magazine published by Laughlin Phillips, 50, a liberal, wealthy Washingtonian who co-founded the magazine after 15 years in the CIA. He and Editor Jack Limpert, 41, a former U.P.I. reporter and newspaper editor, aim to please a widely scattered metropolitan area audience with wining-and-dining columns, canny pieces on D.C. notables, some press criticism and generally light, glossy cover stories: "Sex, Power and Politics," for instance, or "Adventures in the Loveless World of the Sexually Liberated" (a sellout). The *Washingtonian* publishes service features that sometimes cost it dearly: Example, an article advising readers that they could buy furniture at a lower cost directly from North Carolina manufacturers prompted local furniture stores to pull their advertising.

One of the criticisms sometimes leveled at the *Washingtonian* and other city magazines is that they serve a narrow segment of the urban population, largely ignoring blacks in mostly black Washington, for example, and Chicanos in Los Angeles. City magazines take this course, observes *Esquire* Columnist Nora Ephron, because they are really glossy shopping guides for the privileged. They "have taken food and home furnishings and plant care," she wrote recently, "and surrounded them with just enough political and sociological reporting to give readers an excuse to buy them."

Not every city magazine publisher who takes the field succeeds. Within the last year or two, for example, magazines in Chicago, San Francisco and Detroit have closed their doors. But another half-dozen or so around the U.S. are coming along well. *D. The Magazine of Dallas*, founded in 1974, has steadily increased its circulation, which is now 42,000, and is already in the black. *Cleveland*, which began publication in 1972, now has a circulation of 45,000, and in 1974 had the greatest advertising growth of any U.S. monthly.

NEWSWATCH/THOMAS GRIFFITH

Plumbing the Real World of Leaks

Those who want simple answers about the giving away of Government secrets have had a hard time of it in recent weeks. First, Daniel Schorr of CBS irritated even a lot of fellow journalists by the way he slipped a congressional report on the CIA to New York City's flashy *Village Voice*. Henry Kissinger complained that "highly classified information" had been leaked. Then Kissinger himself was embarrassed by leaks of his own confidential Middle East negotiations and, having denounced the deed, had to reprimand one of his closest aides, who had leaked with Kissinger's approval, but perhaps more than his boss had intended. Such a diplomatic reprimand—obviously written in quick fading ink—carries about as much weight as a diplomatic denial.

New York Times Columnist William Safire to Kissinger colleague in Nixon's day but now an implacable enemy gloated over Kissinger's discomfiture. But many Washington journalists, whatever their views of Kissinger's policies, gratefully regard him as the ablest private explainer of public policy in Washington. His leaks are easy to spot. A recent story in the *Times* begins "Henry A. Kissinger has concluded that Cuba is again in the business of 'exporting revolution.'" The story goes on "But Mr. Kissinger has reportedly decided not to say this in public for now." Kissinger thus "goes public" with what he professes not to want to say publicly. When such is the real world of leaks, much of the official huffing and puffing about the subject is humbug.

But not all. When leaks embarrass, the first official cry is that national security has been compromised. On the record of the past few years, this charge simply will not

wash. Too much has been stamped confidential in order to conceal hanky-panky and ineptitude, not secrets. Even the celebrated 47 volumes of the Pentagon papers contained, as a Pentagon official admitted, "only 27 pages that gave us real trouble"—and these came to not much. In Daniel Schorr's case, *Village Voice* readers must have nodded over the congressional committee's tendentious maunderings and its few carefully bowdlerized CIA documents.

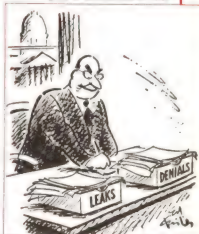
Still leaks can damage. The real effect of the Pentagon papers was to reveal the Government's systematic deception of the public. The real damage of the Schorr leak, once the House of Representatives had voted to keep the report secret, was to show congressional inability to keep a secret. The Kissinger leak warned foreign ministers that what they say in confidence may later be leaked by the State Department.

But even if security is not violated, does not the Government have a right to secrecy, and to private discussion? Indeed it does, as well as the responsibility to keep it private. No one can object if an Administration, by discipline and discretion, saves itself from too many unseemly disclosures. In the poisoned atmosphere of Viet Nam and Watergate, men who leaked were denounced as traitors or hailed as heroes, but in most instances were neither. A leak by a man of conscience, upset by wrongdoing and willing to take the consequences, deserves honoring. But most leaks serve the self-interest of those who supply them, or come from secondary bureaucrats appealing over their superiors to public opinion when their side of an internal argument has lost.

Where the public's interest lies in this dispute between Government and press was put best by Alexander Bickel, a Yale law professor. In his posthumous book *The Morality of Consent*, he answered: "It is the contest that serves the interest of society as a whole, which is identified neither with the interest of the Government alone nor of the press." Bickel expected each side to pursue its interest with real, but "the weight of the First Amendment is on the reporter's side, because the assumption is that secrecy and the control of news are all too inviting, all too easily achieved, and, in general, all too undesirable."

Bickel argued and won the Pentagon papers case, which resulted in the landmark decision on secrets and leaks. The Supreme Court decided, in Bickel's words, that "if a newspaper had got hold of those documents without itself participating in a theft of them, although somebody else might to its knowledge have stolen them, it could have published them with impunity." This makes newspapers sound uncomfortably like criminal fences, though the stolen property is not jewels but information.

Many people are disquieted that editors should have the power to print whatever falls into their hands who elected them? Editors, debating among themselves, usually conclude that they cannot halt what is already public enough for them to know about. Not to publish, when the information adds to the public knowledge, would seem to them even more of an arrogance of power. All in all, it is easier to prove a democracy made sounder by public knowledge than a nation weakened by secrets revealed.



Loosening Up at Last

For nearly three weeks Florida and Arizona boasted some of the most elegant of America's unemployed. Locked out of their spring-training camps because of a dispute with the baseball club owners, major leaguers were all over the sunny sandlots at loose ends. The Cincinnati Reds' third baseman, Pete Rose, arrived in his Silver Shadow Rolls-Royce to work out at a West Tampa park normally used by Little Leaguers. New York Mets Pitching Ace Tom Seaver cadged \$2 each from a pickup team

the owners and players want exactly the same thing, since the financial health of all depends on playing ball. The camps will not get into the full swing of exhibition games until this week, and with at least the pitchers needing nearly a month to get their throwing arms into shape, the April 8 scheduled opening of the regular season is perilously close.

The continuing labor impasse was over baseball's reserve clause—the long-rankling method by which owners indenture players to one team in order to recover the cost of developing major leaguers and to protect poorer clubs from being outbid and ultimately destroyed by richer clubs. Last December an arbitrator struck down the system and ruled, on cases brought by Pitchers Andy Messersmith and Dave McNally (now retired), that the standard baseball contract's one-year renewal clause was just that and nothing more. A player, he held, would become a free agent after playing for his team without a new contract for one year.

The owners had always interpreted the clause to mean that each year of play mandated an option for the next year, thus adding up to a kind of perpetual renewal. Horrified by the arbitrator's ruling, they went to federal court to challenge it. When the Eighth Circuit Court of Appeals turned them down two weeks ago, the owners intensified efforts to right the situation by negotiating with the players a new version of the general baseball contract that guides and supplements the individual contracts the players sign. For the first time abandoning the reserve clause's perpetuity principle, they had

proposed that every player be bound to a club for "eight and one"—eight years plus one to play out his option. But Marvin Miller, 58, the shrewd, tough executive director of the players' association, countered that he could not bargain away rights the arbitrator had already granted.

The owners feared chaos in baseball: the mass breakaway of players who as free agents would sell their services to the highest bidders, raising superstar salaries out of sight and tilting the competitive balance of the leagues to the clubs with the most money. Oakland Slugger Reggie Jackson, for one, seemed a super-

star likely to put himself on the open market. To add fuel to the fears, Los Angeles Dodger Pitcher Andy Messersmith, armed with his December arbitration victory, began entertaining bids last week from at least four teams. Nonetheless, the owners finally "bit the bullet," said American League President Lee MacPhail. At least they chewed on it. Last week in what they called their "final and best offer," they proposed to let present major leaguers play out one-year options on current contracts and become free agents. But each would then be put in a "re-entry" pool where only eight of the 24 teams (including his old club if it wished) could bid for his services, with the teams that finished lowest in the previous year's standings allowed first crack at being among the eight.

Who Understood? Then, once this present disorder has been worked through, the owners proposed that all future contracts have a "seven and one" clause that would allow seven-year veterans to demand they be traded or permitted to enter the free-agent pool following the option year. "The nice thing about this," joked Chub Feeney, MacPhail's opposite in the National League, "is that Lee and I are the only ones who understand it." Next day Marvin Miller said he understood it and did not much like it, particularly the interim offer dealing with current contracts. The eight-team limit on bidding still left the players with less than the wide-open auction they had won from the arbitrator's ruling, said Miller, and he remained afraid that the players' association could be sued by individual members if it signed away that legal right. But many of the players were itchy. Player representatives from the teams reportedly voted 17 to 6 not to reject outright the "take it or leave it" offer. They pointed out that parts of the fine print had not even been filled in yet, but indicated that some compromise might be acceptable. Fifteen minutes after the player representatives adjourned in Tampa, Kuhn issued his order to open the camps.

Negotiations will go on, even into the season if necessary. But it is far from clear that an agreement will be easily achieved. Many hard-line owners had not wanted to go even as far as the offer did. Responds St. Louis Cardinal Outfielder Lou Brock: "The owners are afraid to make changes when they know they have to. They are on a string of hope not based on reality." For the moment though, everyone was looking forward to the altogether more enjoyable prospect of getting the game back on the field. Whatever was finally resolved across the bargaining table, it seemed clear that after nearly a century, baseball's perpetual reserve clause would be ejected from the game.



TOM SEAVER & OTHER METS AT OPENING WORKOUT
The lockout ended, but not the impasse.

of ballplayers to buy baseballs for early-March makeshift practice sessions. Like a youthful playground gang, a group of Oakland A's slipped through a hole in the fence of their sealed ballpark in Mesa, Ariz., to sneak in a little illegal batting practice.

Finally last week the padlocks came off the ballparks and spring training began. Even though the labor dispute was not resolved, Baseball Commissioner Bowie Kuhn ordered the camps opened because, he said, "the fans are the most important people around, and starting the season on time is what they want." What he did not say was that most of

The Seventeenth Round

Bob Dylan had been singing for it. Muhammad Ali had given speeches for it. Selwyn Raab, a New York Times reporter, had pushed for it in a series of crusading investigative articles. Finally, last week it came about the nine-year-old murder conviction of Rubin ("Hurricane") Carter, 38, and also that of his friend John Artis, 30, was unanimously thrown out by the seven justices of the New Jersey Supreme Court. The "defendants' right to a fair trial was substantially prejudiced," said Justice Mark Sullivan, because the prosecution had failed to disclose evidence about the reliability of its two principal witnesses.

White Car. The dry prose of the court opinion could not reflect the long, emotional ordeal that began for Hurricane on a June night in 1966. Two black gunmen had stepped into a bar in Paterson, N.J., and almost immediately opened fire with a 12-gauge shotgun and 32-cal pistol, killing the bartender and two of three customers. Told that the killers had fled in a white car, police briefly stopped a white Dodge but let the occupants go when they recognized Carter, then a nationally ranked middleweight boxer who lived in Paterson. Later that night the Dodge was identified by a witness, and a search of it turned up one 32-cal bullet and a 12-gauge shotgun shell. But Carter and Artis, who had also been in the car, were not charged until four months later when two professional thieves suddenly provided identifications.

Alfred Bello and Arthur Dexter Bradley had been trying to break into a factory two blocks from the bar. When they heard the shots, they headed for the tavern in time to see two blacks leaving, and after Bello paused to rifle the bar's cash register, he called the police. But it was months before Bello finally told police that he had recognized the boxer and Artis, at the same time Bradley said he could identify Carter. Though defense witnesses said that Carter and Artis had been in another nearby bar at about the time of the shootings, they were sentenced to life. In 1969 the New Jersey Supreme Court upheld the convictions, and for a while that seemed to be that.

Then in 1973 Raab was asked to help investigate the case. He and others found Bello and Bradley, each of whom said he had tied in

his identification. Carter wrote a hard-seething book, *The Sixteenth Round* (Viking, \$11.95), about his life before and in prison. Soon Dylan, Ali and other celebrities joined the push to free Carter (TIME, Dec. 22). In the end, though, it was a legal misstep that led to last week's victory.

When a hearing was held on Bello's and Bradley's recantations, the prosecution introduced a taped interrogation of Bello and other statements that revealed promises made by police to help the two with various criminal cases against them. The defense had been told during cross-examination of the witnesses that there had been no such deals and so argued that the new information should have been provided at the time of the trial. The state supreme court agreed that the material clearly could have "affected the jury's evaluation of the credibility" of the eyewitnesses and sent the case back for a new trial.

Passaic County Prosecutor Burrell Ives Humphreys immediately promised a retrial "in a couple of months." Meanwhile Carter and Artis were released on \$20,000 and \$15,000 bail respectively. Artis was surprised at the outcome.

From 1966 to now everything has been denied, denied, denied," he said, "and I didn't look for any change." Carter remained grim and steely. "If I am bitter, then I have a right to be bitter," said the former boxer. "What you're seeing is a man who has been without his wife and daughter for 9½ years for crimes he did not, would not and could not commit."

CARTER AT DYLAN PRISON CONCERT



REDGRAVE IN LADY FROM THE SEA

Absent from Oneself

THE LADY FROM THE SEA

by HENRIK IBSEN

At a time when women were perceived as gentle suppliant chattels, Ibsen was probing the feminine psyche in depth. Ellida (Vanessa Redgrave) is an Ibsen heroine who finds herself. She owes much to a husband, Wangel, who is patient, wise and totally generous, precisely those qualities that Nora's husband, in *A Doll's House*, lacked. Ellida is tormentedly neurotic. She is the doctor's second wife, and she married him for financial security, not love.

The spectral lover in her mind's eye is a man known only as the Stranger (Richard Lynch), a romantic seafarer. The sea itself obsesses her. Ibsen uses it as a symbol, a cauldron of suppressed desires, a deep well of the unconscious. The Stranger appears and demands that she go away with him. Ellida pleads with the doctor to release her from their marriage vows. In anguish of spirit, Wangel does so, and that one act exorcises the past. As a woman "of her own free will," Ellida chooses to stay with him.

The Lady from the Sea is not one of Ibsen's strongest dramas, but it is psychologically compelling. As Ellida, Vanessa Redgrave illuminates the repressed sexuality, the abstracted inability to relate to others, the state of being "absent from oneself." Pat Hingle has never done more sensitive work than in portraying an unbelievably decent man.

The play shows once again that Ibsen was the central character in all his plays. What he argues again and again is that one must find, salvage or create one's own being before there can be wholeness of self.

T.E. Kalem

MISSTOMIES

Married. Kim Novak, 43, sultry cinemactress (*Bell, Book and Candle*, *Picnic*) and Veterinarian Robert Malloy, 36, who began taking care of her horses last year, both for the second time, in a mountaintop pine grove near her home in Big Sur, Calif.

Died. Count Luchino Visconti, 69, Italian aristocrat who became a movie director at the age of 30 and made an international reputation with a handful of meticulously wrought and highly atmospheric films: of a heart attack while suffering from influenza, in Rome. An early neorealist, along with Vittorio de Sica and Michelangelo Antonioni, Visconti used Sicilian villagers instead of actors in *La Terra Trema* (1947), the drama of a poor fisherman's family. In *Rocco and His Brothers* (1960), he described the brutalizing of a farm family moving north to Milan. Visconti's later works tended toward operatic melodrama (*The Damned*) or slick, vacant, surface beauty (*Death in Venice*). *Conversation Piece*, badly received at the New York Film Festival last fall, told the seemingly autobiographical tale of an elderly man of taste and learning trying to embrace the wasted lives of the barbaric sybarites around him.

Died. Jo Mielziner, 74, versatile Broadway set designer (*Death of a Salesman*, *South Pacific*, *The King and I*, *Gypsy*), of a stroke, in Manhattan. The son of a portraitist, Mielziner studied painting as a youth, then went onstage to get the actor's point of view. He prepared hundreds of sketches until he achieved the design and the lighting that would "make people grasp a situation as quickly as possible." A five-time Tony Award winner and a one-time Academy Award winner (color art direction for the movie *Picnic*), he always aimed, as a set designer, to be the director's "extra eye."

Died. Busby Berkeley, 80, choreographer of kaleidoscopic, extravagant movie musicals of the 1930s and 1940s (the *Gold Diggers* series, *42nd Street*); of heart disease, in Palm Springs, Calif. Drillmaster Berkeley's average cast of 100 chorines rode decoratively in Ferris wheels, bowed neon-lighted violins while they whirled in triple-hooped skirts, played arcs of white pianos for 100 top-hatted swans. *Footlight Parade* featured the precision swimming and diving of 150 movie mermaids, filmed from a plate-glass corridor underneath the mammoth pool, all of which cost \$10,000 per screen minute. The nostalgia wave of the early '70s brought Berkeley back to Broadway to supervise the production of *No, No, Nanette* with an intimate chorus of only 34, led by early Berkeley protégée Ruby Keeler.



BOCUSE BEING DECORATED BY FRANCE'S PRESIDENT; GUERARD TOTTING VEGETABLES



MODERN LIVING

Hold the Butter! Dam the Cream!

The discovery of a new dish does more for the happiness of mankind than the discovery of a new star.

—Jean Anthelme Brillat-Savarin

No group has given more meaning to Brillat-Savarin's statement than the chefs of France. They are the world's gastronomers royal. But they exact from their followers a literally heavy price—in calories and cholesterol. Their creations call for churns of butter, streams of cream and eggs by the dozen. With the late great Chef Fernand Point, they cry with all the fervor of a Richard III, "Du beurre! Donne-moi du beurre! Toujours du beurre!"

But hold the butter! Dam the cream! A veritable blasphemy is threatening some of the world's best kitchens. It is the notion that people—even the French—can enjoy a memorable meal that contains only 500 calories instead of the 3,000 or more that tradition demands. No longer, as the old adage had it, need a Frenchman dig his grave with a fork. The blasphemer is an impish, outgoing, pint-sized ex-pastry chef named Michel Guérard, 42, who has invented *la cuisine minceur*—the cuisine of slowness.

He describes it as a weight-loss diet whose user can shed up to 5 lbs. a week. Guérard is building on the culinary ideology of *la nouvelle cuisine*, which began to transform *grande cuisine* some ten years ago. The high priest of the new way was Paul Bocuse, who brought to

French cooking a new emphasis on freshness and simplicity (TIME, April 9, 1973)—and in 1975 received the Legion of Honor from President Giscard d'Estaing. The orgasmic *buffet*—meals that would consume long hours of relentless, if not hoggish stuffing of the gullet—goes its just desserts. Then Guérard, a close friend of Bocuse's, carried *la nouvelle cuisine* further by finding ways to cut the calories while maintaining the highest order of taste. Now, says an admiring Bocuse: "For the first time, cuisine and dieting are no longer contradictions. Michel is the one who is doing something really original and new. He's the most imaginative of us all."

Hot Piano. As a consequence of his waist-not, want-not approach, Guérard today commands the hottest "piano" (as professional chefs call their stoves) in the trendy, fiercely competitive world of *grande cuisine*. After only 1½ years of operation, the Restaurant Michel Guérard at the spa in Eugénie-les-Bains near Lourdes is about to receive a top rating of 19 points in this year's edition of the *Guide Gault-Millau*, France's sprightliest food publication. (The spa also has a gourmand menu for the calorie-careless.) The more conservative and authoritative *Guide Michelin*, which awarded two stars to Guérard's first restaurant, Le Pot au Feu, outside Paris, has just given two stars to the Eugénie-les-Bains establishment—an unusual distinction for what is, after all, essentially a fat farm.

In addition to his activities at the spa, Guérard directs the kitchen at Régine's, the chic Paris nightclub.

One of our big differences at Blue Cross and Blue Shield is that we believe in cost containment, and work at it.

Merely transferring costs to the patient is not cost containment.

It's possible for anyone, including us, to write a contract with deductibles and co-payments that the patients must pay out-of-pocket when treated.

Some claim this helps contain costs.

They say that facilities won't be used as much if people have to pay out-of-pocket when treated.

Our statistics show this transfers the expense to the sick person.

The way to really contain costs is by getting at root causes.

The construction of unneeded health care facilities, for instance, could have cost the people of Illinois more than

\$172 million this past year.* Because of legislation that hospitals and Blue Cross and Blue Shield supported, these millions were saved for more needed things:

Unnecessary hospitalization, an important factor in the cost of health care, is another phase of cost containment in which we work closely with health professionals. We are committed to and strongly support a hospital program called Utilization Review which is helping to resolve this problem.

These efforts can go a long way toward controlling future costs.

And the out-patient programs we have sponsored for years help control costs by providing for service in an out-patient setting. Pre-admission Testing, Ambulatory Surgery, Diagnostic and Home Care Benefits decrease utilization of costly in-patient facilities and, at the same time, assure our members of quality care.

Such programs actually help everyone.

They help the health professional by offering options other than in-patient care.

They help the employer and employee alike by trying to hold down the cost spiral, while we maintain our philosophy of full coverage wherever possible.

We think cost containment, not cost transfer, is the only answer to checking inflation in health care.



**Blue Cross®
Blue Shield®**

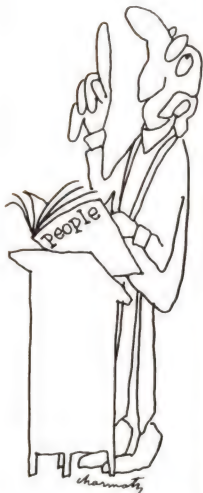
Health Care Service Corporation
233 North Michigan Ave. Chicago, IL 60601

*As reported by Comprehensive Health Planning,

Inc., Metropolitan Chicago

*As reported by Comprehensive Health Planning,
Inc., Metropolitan Chicago

There once was a vicar
named Tristram
Who for sermons
developed a system.
Quoting PEOPLE at random,
And the Prophets in tandem,
His parish just couldn't
resist him.



People
weekly

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Guérard also commutes regularly to the U.S., where he is in charge of kitchen planning for the Manhattan branch of Régine's, which will open in April. On the side, he is working on a *minceur* cookbook, which is to be published in the U.S. Indeed, Guérard's fame has already reached into the kitchens of American homes, where for years housewives have been searching for ways to cook well while keeping their families fit. Even Julia Child acknowledges the Guérard fad. "On a tour of the U.S.," she says, "no one wanted to talk about anything but *cuisine minceur*."

Guérard, already a famed practitioner of *la nouvelle cuisine*, was challenged by the notion of dietary cooking when he met and married Christine Barthelemy, whose family owned the health spa at Eugénie-les-Bains. The idea of catering to overweight patrons wretchedly trying to trim *avoids* might have curdled the soul of an Escoffier—but not of a Guérard.

Velvety Texture. The first problem was sauces. "Remove fat, flour and sugar from cooking, and you're not left with much," Guérard recently explained to TIME Correspondent George Taber. "Remove cream and butter, and you can't make a sauce. I had to reinvent a system and above all find a substitute for cream." Guérard became the alchemist of cream; he now speaks of his "yogurt phase" and his "*fromage blanc* phase" like so many Picasso periods. Day after day he stood over his hot piano and played—and parlayed—new combinations. Yogurt turned out to be too acidic and *fromage blanc* alone too dry. Gradually he found that by mixing a dry nonfat *fromage blanc* in a blender with a puree of freshly cooked vegetables (including mushrooms, carrots, leeks and one or two seasonal varieties), he could practically duplicate the velvety texture and taste of classic cream-based sauces. He even developed a *minceur* version of mayonnaise by whipping together egg yolks, *fromage blanc*, lemon, cayenne pepper, basil, green pepper, ketchup and Worcestershire sauce.

A study of Chinese cuisine taught him to adapt Asian techniques for steaming fish and meat without the use of butter or cream. He steamed sea bass *à la vapeur* under a bed of fresh seaweed, and river trout over water perfumed with pine needles, wild mint and other herbs; beef and veal in wine that cooks off its own alcohol content; lobster over a defatted fish stock. He had always cooked one of his favorite dishes, *galette de homard* (lobster pancake), in butter. Now, by substituting fish stock, he says, "the *galette* rises much higher, tastes much better than before, and does not have the calories of the butter."

The simplicity of *minceur* fare lies neither in its preparation nor its expense. Guérard has meticulously searched out a dozen farmers who supply his vegetables, including one who delivers nothing but green beans. All the

ingredients in his sauce base must be chopped up to the size of peas in order to increase the cooking surface for the fast, dry heating he gives them. "I mix my vegetables together the way a painter mixes colors—until he obtains the exact shade that he wants," says Guérard in one of his favorite painting metaphors. But it is deliciously simple in taste and calorie count. One of Guérard's favorite dishes, *l'aiguillette de caneton au poivre frais* (breast of duckling in pepper sauce), packed a belt-whopping 700 calories per serving in his original version; the *minceur* variety contains 280. Guérard can prepare a celestial *blanquette de veau*, which to most Frenchmen is something only their mothers can do properly; but Guérard's *blanquette* contains 280 calories per serving. Mother's 1,000. A typical 500-calorie menu at Eugénie-les-Bains last season included: first day—mousseline of crayfish with watercress sauce, leg of milk-fed lamb cooked in wild hay, apple surprise, eggplant caviar, salmon with sorrel sauce, pear soufflé. Second day—salad of artichokes and green beans in wine vinegar, sweetbreads with mushrooms, melon sherbet, poached egg with watercress, whiting with chopped vegetables, baked apple.

Marriage. Altogether, the master of *minceur* has perfected some 150 low-calorie dishes. He admits that some French specialties simply do not have a *minceur* equivalent—calf's liver, for example, dries out when cooked *à la vapeur*, and extravaganzas like *foie gras* are obviously not duplicable. Guérard's extraordinary accomplishment has been to create something close to a parallel French cuisine. Says Dr. Georges Halpern, vice president of the French Gastrointestinal Medical Society: "Guérard has a genius for satisfying the upper part of the body—the tongue, eyes and mind—without filling up the bottom part, the stomach."

Ironically, the perfectionist who developed the *cuisine minceur* still prefers to cook with the butter, cream, eggs and flour that he virtually outlawed. "*Minceur* is much more difficult," admits Guérard. "It demands great care and forces you to push your ideas. In five years, when the *minceur* is fully developed, it will be easier. But now I still prefer to forget the calories and cook gourmand." In fact, following publication of his *minceur* book, Guérard will issue one on gourmand cooking. But his longer-range goal is to "marry" the two cuisines—by which he means applying such *cuisine minceur* techniques as the use of purée bases, *vapeur* and white cheese cooking to classic French cuisine. The result, he predicts, will actually improve the taste of many dishes, but will not be so restrictive as *minceur* cooking in the use of rich ingredients when they best serve the purpose. In any case, such a marriage promises yet another galaxy of new dishes, and is doubtless one that Brillat-Savarin would say was made in heaven.

Small Car Myth No.1:

*Foreign models
cost less.*

SMALL SPORTY CARS	BASE PRICE**
Chevrolet Monza Towne Coupe	\$3415†
Chevrolet Monza 2+2	3783†
Pontiac Sunbird 2-Door Coupe	3487†
Oldsmobile Starfire Sport Coupe	3780
Buick Skyhawk "S" 2-Door Hatchback Coupe	3903
Datsun 280Z Sport Coupe	6594 <small>plus dealer prep</small>
Toyota Celica ST Sport Coupe	4145
Toyota Celica GT Sport Coupe	4499
VW Scirocco Coupe	4995 <small>plus dealer prep</small>
Fiat X1/9 Sport Coupe	4947 <small>plus dealer prep</small>
Audi Fox 2-Door Sedan	5100 <small>plus dealer prep</small>
BMW 2002 2-Door Sedan	6570 <small>plus dealer prep</small>
Mazda Cosmo Coupe	5800 <small>plus dealer prep</small>
Porsche 914 Coupe	7250 <small>plus dealer prep</small>
Triumph TR-7 Coupe	5649 <small>plus dealer prep</small>

Fact:

*GM's small cars
are almost always
priced lower
than comparable
foreign cars.*

You've heard the news that GM's new mini, Chevrolet Chevette, is priced at just \$2899*. Now take a look at some of our other small cars.

There was a time when small foreign cars had the edge on price. No more. The advantage they once enjoyed has been eroded by increased foreign labor costs, stiffer shipping charges, higher inflation, currency devaluation and other factors. So today, instead of showing us up in the price department, they usually come in second best. Take a look at the following charts and you'll see what we mean.

*Chevrolet Chevette Scooter Manufacturer's suggested retail price, including dealer new-vehicle preparation charge. Tax, license, destination charge and available equipment are additional.

SMALL ECONOMY CARS	BASE PRICE**
Chevrolet Vega Sport Coupe	\$3040†
Pontiac Astre 2-Door Coupe	3120†
Toyota Corona 2-Door Sedan	3699
Datsun 710 2-Door Sedan	3614 <small>plus dealer prep</small>
Fiat 131 2-Door Sedan	4286 <small>plus dealer prep</small>
Mazda RX-3 Coupe	4049 <small>plus dealer prep</small>
VW Dasher 2-Door Sedan	5195 <small>plus dealer prep</small>
Volvo 242 2-Door Sedan	6295

**Manufacturer's suggested retail price, including dealer new-vehicle preparation charge, except where noted. Tax, license, destination charge and available equipment are additional. †includes available 2-bbl. engine.

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Small Car Myth No.2:

*Foreign models
deliver
significantly
better gas mileage.*

SMALL SPORTY CARS	ENGINE	TRANSMISSION	EPA ESTIMATES HIGHWAY CITY	
Chevrolet Monza 2 + 2	140 cu.-in. 4-cyl 2-bbl	Manual	35	22
Chevrolet Monza Towne Coupe	140 cu.-in. 4-cyl 2-bbl	Manual	35	22
Pontiac Sunbird 2 Door Coupe	140 cu.-in. 4-cyl 2-bbl	Manual	35	22
Oldsmobile Starfire Sport Coupe	140 cu.-in. 4-cyl 2-bbl	Manual	35	22
Buick Skyhawk 'S' Coupe	231 cu.-in. V-6 2-bbl	Manual	30	18
Datsun 280Z Sport Coupe	168 cu.-in. 6-cyl F.I.	Manual	27	16
Toyota Celica ST & GT Sport Coupes	133 6-cu.-in. 4-cyl 2-bbl	Manual	34	20
VW Scirocco Sport Coupe	97 cu.-in. 4-cyl 2-bbl	Manual	39	25
Fiat X1/9 Coupe	78.7 cu.-in. 4-cyl 2-bbl	Manual	31	21
Audi Fox 2 Door Sedan	97 cu.-in. 4-cyl F.I.	Manual	37	24
BMW 2002 2 Door Sedan	121 cu.-in. 4-cyl 2-bbl	Manual	25	18
Mazda Cosmo Coupe	80 cu.-in. Rotary 4-bbl	Manual	29	18
Porsche 914 Coupe	120 cu.-in. 4-cyl F.I.	Manual	30	20
Triumph TR-7 Coupe	122 cu.-in. 4-cyl 2-bbl	Manual	30	21

Source: 1976 EPA Gas Mileage Guide For New Car Buyers.

Fact: GM small cars are right up there, too.

You've heard the news about GM's new mini, Chevrolet Chevette. EPA estimates of 40 mpg highway, 28 mpg city.* Now take a look at some of our other small cars.

Check the following charts. You'll see that many of our small cars were rated at a very competitive 35 mpg in the EPA highway test, 22 mpg in the city test. Fact is, it isn't only Chevette that got an impressive gas mileage rating. Our other small cars are right up there, too.

Of course, the actual mileage you get will vary according to the kind of driving you do, your driving habits, your car's condition and available equipment.

Compare the gas mileage ratings in the charts. Then drive the cars that interest you... ours and theirs. We think you'll prefer GM's.

*CHEVROLET CHEVETTE 1.4-LITER 4-CYL. 1-BBL. ENGINE. 4-SPEED MANUAL TRANSMISSION. STANDARD REAR AXLE The mileage you get will vary according to the kind of driving you do, your driving habits, your car's condition and available equipment.

SMALL ECONOMY CARS	ENGINE	TRANSMISSION	EPA ESTIMATES HIGHWAY CITY	
Chevrolet Vega Sport Coupe	140 cu.-in. 4-cyl 2-bbl	Manual	35	22
Pontiac Astre 2 Door Coupe	140 cu.-in. 4-cyl 2-bbl	Manual	35	22
Toyota Corona 2 Door Sedan	133 6-cu.-in. 4-cyl 2-bbl	Manual	34	20
Datsun 710 2 Door Sedan	119 cu.-in. 4-cyl 2-bbl	Manual	33	23
Fiat 131 2-Door Sedan	107 cu.-in. 4-cyl 2-bbl	Manual	29	18
Mazda RX-3 Coupe	70 cu.-in. Rotary 4-bbl	Manual	30	19
VW Dasher 2-Door Sedan	97 cu.-in. 4-cyl F.I.	Manual	37	24
Volvo 242 2-Door Sedan	130 cu.-in. 4-cyl F.I.	Manual	27	17

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CHARLES LINDBERGH FLYING HIS MILES MOHAWK, 1936



WITH WIFE ANNE MORROW LINDBERGH

The Sky Lover

LINDBERGH

by LEONARD MOSLEY

446 pages. Doubleday, \$12.95.

On the afternoon of March 1, 1940 Charles A. Lindbergh ducked into the Smithsonian Institution to look at the *Spirit of St. Louis*. Holding a handkerchief over his nose like a man with a late-winter cold, he passed by the entrance guards and turned unrecognized into the room of the Presidents' wives and dresses. From behind a dummy of Martha Washington, Lindbergh peered into the adjoining hall where the world's most celebrated aircraft hung like a child's model from the ceiling. That evening he wrote in his journal, "I felt I could take it down from its cables, carry it to some flying field, and feel perfectly at home in that cockpit again."

After his own books, those of his wife Anne Morrow Lindbergh, and of his earlier biographers, the question remains: was Lindbergh ever truly at home anywhere but in a plane? Aloft, he was Lucky Lindy, the lanky youth who thrilled the county-fair set in his bat-

tered Jenny, the daredevil airmail pilot and, of course, that shy all-American who put the world into a barrel roll with his 1927 solo flight across the Atlantic.

Life on the ground was more trying and complex—as if Herman Melville had written *Tom Swift*. The press made a mockery of his quest for privacy. Today, no self-respecting journalist can read the lurid coverage of the Lindbergh kidnaping case without feeling embarrassment for his craft. "Experiencing a kind of publicity hitherto known only by royal families, Presidents, or movie stars, we had none of the official protection on public figures," recalls Mrs. Lindbergh in the latest installment of her diaries and letters (*The Flower and the Nettle*, Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). Her recollection is the main theme of the crucial years retold in Leonard Mosley's new biography of Lindbergh.

Racial Fantasies. During the late thirties, the hero and his wife sought privacy in England and France. While Europe slid toward war, Mrs. Lindbergh enjoyed "the happiest years of my life." There was an idyllic English country cottage leased from English Critic and Diarist Harold Nicolson where she began her writing career, raised a second son and prepared for the arrival of her third. Later, the family sojourned on a remote island off the French coast.

Lindbergh pursued his technical and scientific studies. He also kept an admiring eye on Hitler's new Germany, and was not too shy to express the opinion that white Western civilization was threatened by Asians and non-Nordic bolsheviks. Neither Lindbergh nor his wife was a fascist. Their German sympathies were based on the highest idealism and hopes for peace. Unfortunately, this idealism was so high that the Lindberghs had difficulty focusing the ugly realities of earth-bound Nazism. One has only to read the airy rationalizations in Mrs. Lindbergh's *The Wave of the Future* (1940) or the racial fantasies and simplifications in her husband's wartime journals to realize the latent dangers in their naivete.

Leonard Mosley, whose many books include biographies of Haile Selassie, Hirohito and Hermann Göring, believes that the dangers were not so latent. He goes so far as to suggest that Lindbergh

PILOT & GÖRING, 1938
Idealism and realities.

was partly responsible for the Munich Pact and, by implication, the start of World War II. In 1936, the flier was asked by the U.S. military attaché in Berlin to visit Germany and assess the Nazis' growing air power. Luftwaffe Chief Hermann Göring was delighted. What better way to bluff France and England into bowing to Hitler's demands than by impressing the world's leading aviation expert with Germany's military strength?

Lindbergh examined some formidable hardware. His royal treatment included a medal pinned on by Göring himself. He was also stuffed with propaganda and lies, including grossly exaggerated production figures. Lindbergh swallowed them whole. He was, said a former employee years later, "the most honest man I have ever met. He just had to tell the truth and he expected other people to tell the truth to him."

On his return to England, he convinced a number of high officials that Germany would be invincible in war. When war did come, Lindbergh returned to the U.S. where he was associated with America Firsters urging noninvolvement. It did not sit well with

Small Car Myth No.3:

*Foreign models
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scheduled
maintenance
than U.S. cars.*

Fact:

*GM cars require
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recommended
maintenance.*

Thanks primarily to the GM-designed catalytic converter, the use of unleaded fuel and our High Energy Ignition System, your spark plugs can last up to 22,500 miles. And there are no points and ignition condenser to replace. Ever.

In addition, none of the foreign models charted here top GM's recommended first oil-change interval of 7,500 miles. And only three have longer recommended first-change intervals for oil filters.

Of course, when your GM car does need service, there are over 12,000 GM dealers from coast to coast you can count on, backed by GM's nationwide parts distribution system.

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RECOMMENDED MAINTENANCE SCHEDULES	SPARK PLUG REPLACEMENT	OIL CHANGE	OIL FILTER CHANGE
CHEVROLET VEGA & MONZA, PONTIAC ASTRE & SUNBIRD, OLDSMOBILE STARFIRE, BUICK SKYHAWK	22,500	7,500	7,500
DATSUN (All)	12,500	6,250	6,250
TOYOTA (All)	12,500	6,500	6,500
FIAT (All)	12,500	6,500	6,500
VW (Rabbit, Dasher, Scirocco)	15,000	7,500	15,000
MAZDA (Rotary)	12,500	6,250	12,500
AUDI (All)	15,000	7,500	15,000
BMW (2002)	12,500	6,500	6,500
PORSCHE (914)	15,000	5,000	5,000
TRIUMPH (All)	12,500	6,000	6,000
VOLVO (All)	15,000	7,500	7,500

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BOOKS

F.D.R., and after Pearl Harbor he thwarted Lindbergh's efforts to get into uniform.

Yet this "tarnished hero," as Harold Ickes called him, could not be kept from making significant wartime contributions: he was a valuable technical adviser to Henry Ford's bomber-building program. Later, still a civilian, he quietly slipped off to the Pacific where he taught fighter pilots how to get more miles to the gallon. He also flew some unauthorized combat missions with his students and was credited with shooting down at least one Japanese Zero. The years before his death in 1974 at the age of 72 were largely spent jetting around the globe as an airline executive and conservationist who opposed building commercial supersonic jets like the Concorde. Having been disappointed and exhausted by the world of men, he spent his last years trying to save the blue and humpbacked whales and the Philippine monkey-eating eagle.

As Lindbergh's third biographer, Mosley wisely puddle-jumps through the more popular chapters of the hero's life. He concentrates his best energies on the controversial pre-war period. Although the book lacks some of the detail of the previous biographies, it is by far the most readable. In addition, it is a balanced portrait of a man who was a victim of his own stubborn sense of honor, his limited vision and, of course, his fame. In a painful irony, Mrs. Lindbergh quotes Rilke's tart definition of fame: "The sum of the misunderstanding that gathers around a new name." Lindbergh was hardly a new name when he showed the world plenty to misunderstand. **R. Z. Sheppard**

Bloodless Coup

CHRONICLES OF BUSTOS DOMECQ
by JORGE LUIS BORGES and
ADOLFO BIOY-CASARES

Translated by
NORMAN THOMAS DI GIOVANNI
143 pages. Dutton. \$7.95.

Since Bustos Domecq does not exist, Argentine Authors Jorge Luis Borges and Adolfo Bioy-Casares had to invent him. Why? Because Domecq is the pure incarnation of the middleman between a world gone culturally haywire and the uncomprehending mass of mankind. His function: telling people why they should admire nonsense. This inept critic is a figure of Chaplinesque pathos: a tastemaker totally lacking in taste, a perpetual target of the avant-garde's custard pies.

Easy Vanity. As this collection of mock essays about mock artists amply demonstrates, no aesthetic theory is too lunatic for Domecq to explain and applaud. He takes up the cudgels for the late César Paladion, an imaginary novelist who followed the path of rigorous logic straight into absurdity. Since all writers, Paladion reasoned, borrow



AUTHOR JORGE LUIS BORGES

Private meanings, public words.

words and sometimes even phrases and lines from other writers, why not take this process as far as it can go? "Reaching into the depths of his soul," Domecq prattles, "he published a series of books that expressed him utterly—completely without overburdening the already unwieldy corpus of bibliography or falling into the all too easy vanity of writing a single new line." Paladion, in short, attached his name to the works of other authors, including *The Hound of the Baskervilles* and the original Latin rendering of *De Divinatione*. "And what Latin it was!" Domecq writes. "Cicero's!"

The critic is equally hysterical about another large-scale plagiarism, the *Disvine Comedy* of Hilario Lambkin Formento. This nonbook is not a brazen, word-for-word theft, Domecq insists, but rather the best piece of descriptive criticism ever penned on Dante's masterpiece, since it is an exact replica of the original.

With self-important earnestness, Domecq ticks off a whole catalogue of such deluded poseurs. There is F.J.C. Loomis, whose dislike of metaphors leads him to compose—laboriously—one-word poems (Domecq explains that his "Beret" had a poor reception, "perhaps attributable to the demands it makes on the reader of having to learn French"). There is Santiago Ginsberg, a poet who assigns private meanings to public words ("mailbox," to him, translates as "accidental, fortuitous, incompatible with a cosmos"). Adalberto Vilaseco devotes his career to publishing the same poem under different titles. Forbidden by his religion from drawing likenesses of the world, Artist José Enrique Tafas carefully paints *Buenos Aires street sights* and then entirely blackens them with shoe polish. His

prices vary according to the amount of work that went into the now invisible scenes.

Borges' gnomic stories have, of course, earned him a worldwide following, and he and Bioy-Casares (a longtime friend and disciple) are up to something a bit more ambitious than a parody of a hapless critic. The real target of their often uproarious gibes is modernism—or the part of it that zealously pursues theories of "pure" form into Cloud-Cuckoo-Land. The result, which Domecq never perceives, is invariably monstrous novels and poems that cannot be read, art that cannot be seen, architecture—freed from the "demands of inhabitability"—that cannot be used.

Donnish Humor. Things have not quite come to the unpretty pass that Domecq praises. But it is all theoretically plausible—and sometimes a bit more than that. Antarctic A. Garay earns Domecq's admiration by inventing "concave sculpture"—i.e., setting up several pieces of junk and inviting spectators to contemplate the spaces between them. Londoners were recently surprised and angered to discover a rectangular pile of stacked bricks exhibited in the Tate Gallery. With donnish humor and un-failing intelligence, *Chronicles of Bustos Domecq* thrusts a rapier into such gargantuan posturing. As the enemies of sense and sensibility invade and occupy the citadels, Borges and Bioy-Casares are leading a bloodless coup. **Paul Gray**

Of Crabs and Men

BEAUTIFUL SWIMMERS
by WILLIAM W. WARNER
304 pages. Atlantic-Little Brown.
\$10.00.

Deep fried or steamed, the Atlantic blue crab is a gourmet's delight. William Warner's book about *Callinectes sapidus* (the creature's first name is Greek for beautiful swimmer, its last, Latin for tasty) is a reader's treat. Warner, a consultant to the Smithsonian Institution, has spent years studying the blue crab and his human harvesters in their natural habitat, Maryland's Ches-



TWO VIEWS OF MALE CRAB COURTING
Jimmies take care of their soaks.

Small Car Myth No. 4:

*Foreign cars
have tougher
engine
warranties.*

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Fact:

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the business.*

ENGINE GUARANTEES

Chevrolet Vega and Monza, Pontiac Astre and Sunbird, Oldsmobile Starfire with 140-cu.-in. 4-cylinder engines	5 Years or 60,000 Miles
Datsun	12 Months or 12,500 Miles
Toyota	12 Months or 12,500 Miles
Fiat	12 Months or 12,000 Miles
VW	12 Months or 20,000 Miles
Mazda (Rotary)	36 Months or 50,000 Miles
Audi	12 Months or 20,000 Miles
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Porsche	12 Months or 20,000 Miles
Triumph	12 Months or 12,000 Miles
Volvo	12 Months

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★ Burl Ives
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★ Kingston Trio
★ Ethel Merman
★ New Christy Minstrels

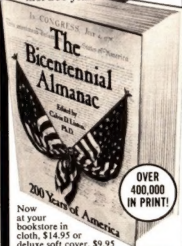
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★ Rudolf Nureyev
★ Donald O'Connor
★ Les Paul
★ Robert Preston
★ Andre Previn
★ Carl Sandburg
★ Andres Segovia
★ Joan Sutherland

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BOOKS

apeake Bay. The result of his study is a piece of popular oceanography worthy of shelf space alongside Rachel Carson's classic *Edge of the Sea* and Henry Beston's *Outermost House*.

Warner, naturally, spends much of his book discussing the biology of the Chesapeake's fauna. Despite their feisty dispositions, crabs can also be considerate. Most marine creatures follow the love-them-and-leave-them tradition. But male blue crabs, or "jimmies," take good care of their mates. After carrying them in a soft embrace during the mating ritual, jimmies form protective cages around the "sooks," or mature females, as they shed their old shells and wait for new skeletons to form.

Liar's Bench. Warner is as attentive to the crabmen as he is to their catch. The author's long hours spent on the water, hauling heavy "drudges" and sorting crabs as they scamper across a pitching deck have fostered a deep affection for the stoic, whimsical fisher folk. That feeling shines through Warner's retelling of *Jaws*-style crises spawned at "liar's bench" on the dock at Crisfield, Md., crab capital of America. Warner is equally appreciative of his friends' boats, those eccentric skipjacks, scrapers, draketails and Jenkins Creekers found only on Chesapeake Bay.

The naturalist recognizes that the bay, its crabs and its watermen's way of life are endangered species. Warner does not attempt to change the situation by preaching. His text performs a far better service. In its sentimental way, it evokes Shakespeare's phrase: "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." *Callinectes sapidus* and *Homo sapiens* may seem a world apart. *Beautiful Swimmers* shows how minuscule that world is—and how interrelated its inhabitants have become. **Peter Stoler**

Best Sellers

FICTION

- 1—Curtain, Christie (1 last week)
- 2—The Chairboys, Wambaugh (2)
- 3—Saving the Queen, Buckley (4)
- 4—Ragtime, Doctorow (3)
- 5—1876, Vidal (7)
- 6—Trinity, Uris
- 7—The Gemini Contenders, Ludlum (9)
- 8—The Boys from Brazil, Levin
- 9—In the Beginning, Polak (5)
- 10—Nightwork, Shaw (8)

NONFICTION

- 1—Doris Day, Hatcher (1)
- 2—World of Our Fathers, Howe (2)
- 3—The Russians, Smith (3)
- 4—Winning through Intimidation, Ringer (7)
- 5—The People's Almanac, Wallachinsky & Wallace (5)
- 6—Spanday, Spear
- 7—The Relaxation Response, Benson with Klipper (6)
- 8—The Adams Chronicles, Shepherd (9)
- 9—Bring On the Empty Horses, Niven (4)
- 10—Angels, Graham (8)

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